VOL 24 CHRISTMAS SPECIAL

KNAVE

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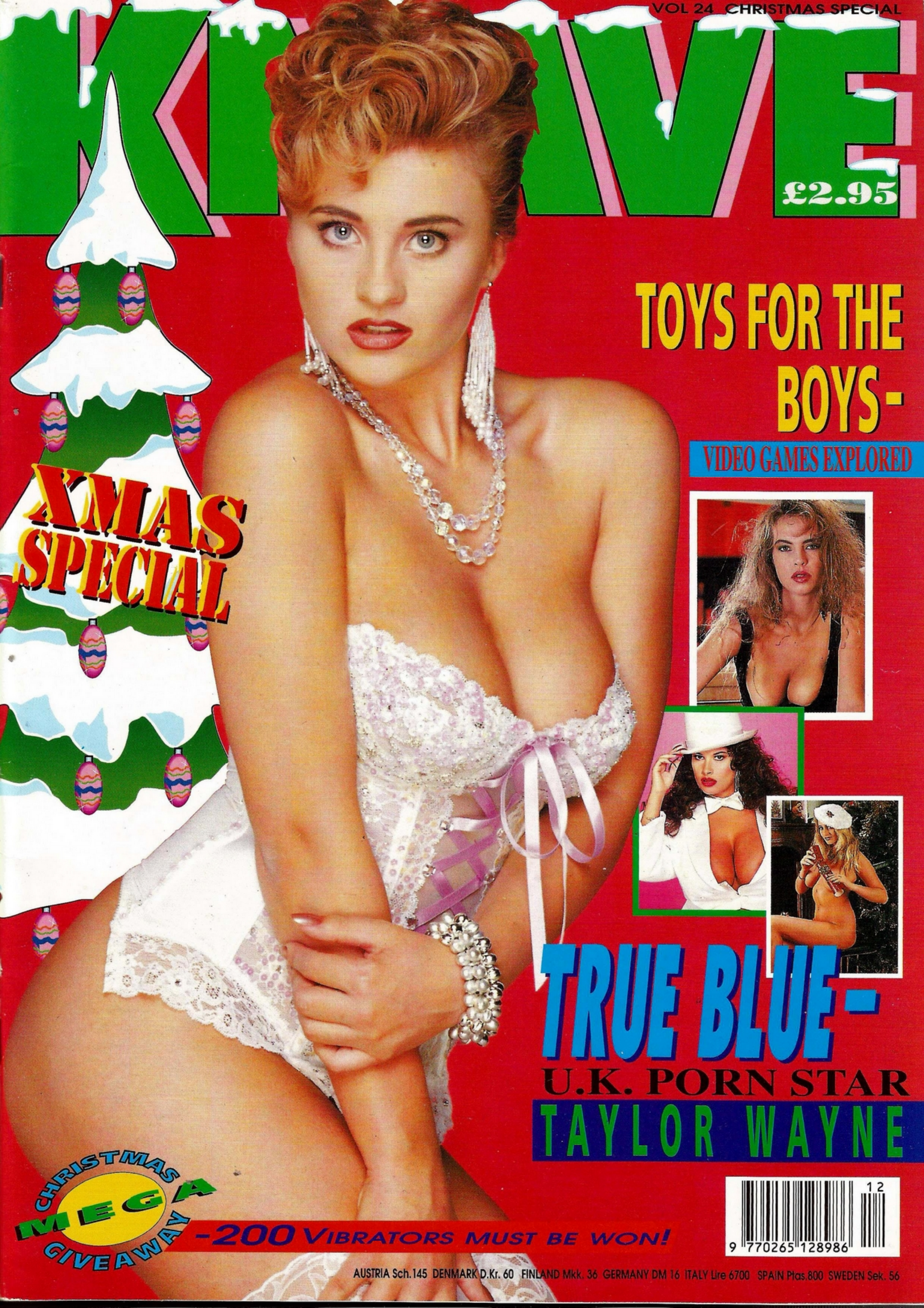

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Fuck Stain

I have been a regular reader of Knave for sometime know and I want to tell you about my induction into the wonderful world of women and sex.

Six months ago I was going out with a girl called Angela. Our relationship had not gone past the heavy petting stage (though not for want of trying) though I liked her very much.

One day I went to her house to see if she wanted to go out for the day. Her sister Susan answered the door. Susan is 23 and really good looking. She has long, sexy legs and glorious tits. She told me that Angela had gone shopping with her mother and wouldn't be back for a couple of hours. She asked me if I wanted to come in and wait and seeing as I lived a good hour away from Angela I decided to stay.

Susan offered me a beer and we sat and chatted for a while. She went and got us another beer. As she handed my my drink she bent down and I could see down her top and that she was wearing no bra. As she sat down she opened her can and it sprayed all down her T-shirt. "Oh shit," she said and tried to shake off the beer. She went to the kitchen to wash her shirt. Now the sight of Susan's naked breasts had been too much for me and my cock was slowly stiffening down my trouser leg. I was becoming uncomfortable so I put my hand down my trousers to pull my cock into a more comfortable position. Just at that moment Susan walked back into the room. You can imagine my embarrassment, there I was with my hands down my jeans clutching my stiffening cock. Susan walked towards me and said, "You shouldn't be doing that," and to my surprise she slid her hand down my jeans and wrapped her fingers round my throbbing shaft. Within seconds my cock was in the open. I felt warm breath on the helmet of my cock and then the warm sensation of Susan's lips as she slowly swallowed my shaft inch by inch. She scraped her teeth up and down my length as she bobbed up and down. The sensation of having my first blow job was too much for me and I shouted out that I was coming. This seemed to make her more determined and I soon shot off in her mouth. She drank down every drop and then looked up at me, "Mmm, that tasted good. Come on." She led me upstairs and into her room. She slowly stripped me naked then proceeded to strip herself. She had the most beautiful body imaginable. Her breasts were about 36 inches and were crowned with beautiful dark nipples, her stomach was flat and her legs went on forever. It was her bum that had my cock growing to it's full 7 inches. Her bum was tanned and smooth and her fanny looked good enough to eat.

She lay on the bed and opened her legs, "Like to taste?" she said. I knelt on the bed and put my face to her fanny, I licked her fanny lips and then, to her instruction I sucked her to a state of frenzy. "Fuck me now," she instructed. I didn't keep her waiting. She turned onto her knees and lent forward thrusting her beautiful bum high into the air. I knelt behind her and placed my cock near her cunt. She thrust her hand between her legs and grasped my cock. She guided it into her cunt and with one thrust I was deep inside my first cunt. I slowly began to thrust in and out of her fanny, building up my rhythm. She thrust back to meet my thrusts. "Oooh, that's good, fuck me harder," she said, and I continued to pump into her. "Come on now," she screamed, "fill me up now." I felt her orgasm and this triggered my own ejaculation. I spurted my spunk into her fanny and she moaned with pleasure. I pulled my cock out and Susan turned round and licked it dry. "That was great Martin, my sister's a lucky girl." When I told her that that was my first time she began to smile. She pushed me back onto the bed and mounted me. She sat down on my cock and said, "Better make the most of it then." She began to ride my cock, shagging me hard and fast. As she fucked me I groped her tits. "It feels so good," she said and orgasmed which made me lose control and shoot my load deep into her fanny.

After our second fuck we got dressed and no sooner had we got downstairs when Angela and her mother returned.

I finally got to shag Angela two weeks after I fucked her sister, but she was by no means as sexy or as exciting as Susan.

That shag was my first and by far the best fuck I've ever had.

– M.A., London.

Penis Envy

We must be two of the most spoilt little bitches going! We are married women. The mistresses of a well hung male, Noel. Our husbands, Danny and Colin spend a fortune on our wardrobes, fixing us up in sexy underwear and other items that Noel insists upon. A lso, we take lots of pictures, snapshots of Noel fucking her into a squirmy ecstatic mess so that we can take the pics home and let our husbands collect them in two special little albums. I know that the lads wank themselves off over the those photographs, which we rather like. It is after all very flattering, to think that just the sight of your luscious fanny grasping onto a big cock, would get another man beating his meat. That's become even sexier during recent months, because Noel has started to arrange for our pussies to get filled with some of the splendid talent that his best friends have to offer. We developed this reputation as Noel's tarts, and frankly if he invites a mate around to fuck us, we can't really resist. Not that you'd want to, they're all immaculately mannered, very clean, very virile, and just as black and handsome as Noel himself!

Our names are Merrill and Stephanie. I'm Merrill and I'm a 24 year old blonde who works as a secretary to quite a posh boss. He's always wanted to get his leg over me, and Danny was OK about that idea too, but by then Noel was already bedding me and I didn't want to look at another caucasian type. Preferences come about from pleasing experiences shall we say! I'd been fucking with Noel about three months and felt in seventh heaven. Still, my accounts of my wet fanny, the sexed up juices on my silk undies and the size of Noel's cock were all second hand accounts to Danny. He was desperate to see Noel having his wicked way with me, but that wasn't part of the game rules. I'd first fucked with Noel on the spur of the moment when I'd popped across to his flat for some milk. Noel enjoyed the privacy and the lingering time spent with his rod up my hole, so he wasn't about to have Danny nosing in, asking to lick my clit or that sort of thing! Still, he was even about my husband's frustrations and inadequacies, and suggested that I should recruit a second mistress to join us. That way we could swop photographer duties, and Danny at least could get over (or not get over perhaps!) the penis envy

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7
JOANNA
Geoff Howes

12
EAT AT JOE'S

18
JILL
James Freeman

24
TOYS FOR THE BOYS
Playing with yourself made simple

31
LUCY
Jack Harrison

38
MISSING, PRESUMED DEAD
Bizarre disappearances...

42
ROSIE
Sue Denim

50
DANIELLE & MARSHA
Ulf Stjernbo

58
PARADISE FOUND
Sun, sea and sex

65
ALEXIA
Austin Legrew

74
CARLA
Michael Price

80
TRUE BLUE
Taylor Wayne

85
VICTORIA
Austin Legrew

94
KAY
Don Sparks

100
LA CONFIDENTIAL
Cary Grant & Randolph Scott

106
DESTINY
Huey Louis

118
LYNN
Electric Eye

130
ANNIE
Peter Flodquist

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY AUSTIN LEGREW

TOYS for THE BOYS

LEARNING HOW TO PLAY WITH YOURSELF

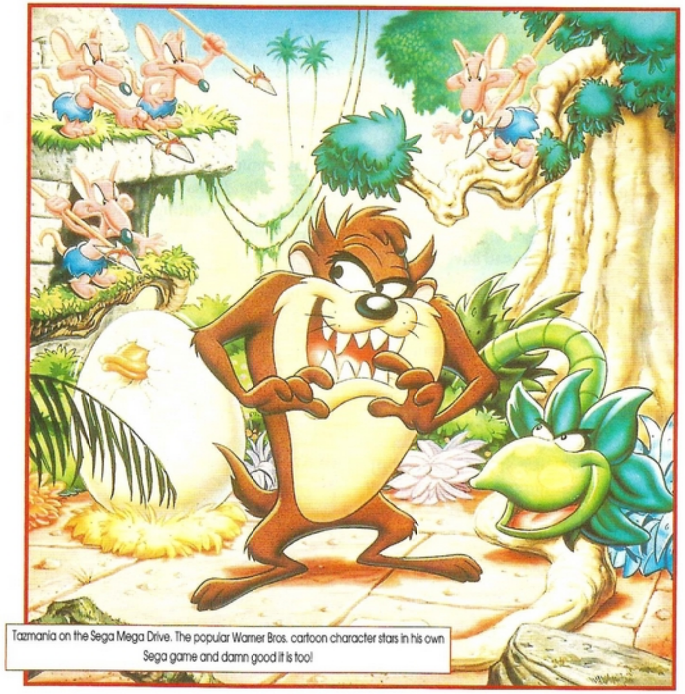
Computer gaming has come a long way since Sir Clive Sinclair first popularised home micros back in the early 80s. *Spike Mahoon* discovers that you don't have to take your clothes off to have a good time in the bedroom…

Computing, and playing computer games especially, was long considered to be the pastime of spotty, snotty adolescents who only played games because it was too wet outside to go and write down train numbers.

And for a long time the stereotypical gameplayer really was like that. After all, you had to be pretty dedicated to wait five minutes while the computer digested the information being fed into it from a normal cassette tape before you actually got round to moving the stick man around the screen as he searched for the 'Lost Treasure of the Incas' (perhaps there should be a ™ in there, because that *must* have been a game title). Playing computer games in the early Eighties was a solo pastime, and it wasn't until a new range of computer games machines arrived in the latter half of the Eighties that the image of the computer gamer began to change.

Two Japanese companies were responsible for the change: Sega and Nintendo. Both companies decided that despite the good intentions – "We bought Johnny a computer to help with his school work," – computers just weren't being used to help with the maths homework. Games were what 'ver kids' wanted, and so games were what they were going to get. Enter the console…

Unlike computers, consoles have no keyboards, they plug straight into a normal TV and there's no waiting for games to load; simply plug the cartridge into the slot (all the info is stored on ROM – Read Only Memory – chips) and away you go.


Tazmania on the Sega Mega Drive. The popular Warner Bros. cartoon character stars in his own Sega game and damn good it is too!

But it wasn't just the hardware that helped change the image of computer gaming; software became increasingly important as another Japanese company, Atari, had already discovered to its cost. Atari had actually launched a video games console (for some reason games on consoles are generally called video games, while games on 'real' computers with keyboards are still called computer games) onto the market in the early Eighties and, although the company enjoyed some early success around the world, the software just wasn't appealing enough to sustain the momentum. The Atari VCS 2600 soon withered on the vine.

"Games were what 'ver kids' wanted, and so games were what they were going to get."

Sega and Nintendo were determined not to let their systems – the Master System and the Nintendo Entertainment System respectively – go the same way and began to work extremely hard on their software back-up. Mario was born and is now so popular in the States that more kids recognise the Mario image than recognise Mickey Mouse! Hardly surprising when they're being blasted with Mario TV shows (both live action and animation), eat Mario breakfast cereal and sleep in Mario pyjamas!

Sega haven't been quite so successful in the States. Launching their machine after Nintendo had already established a strong foothold in the market didn't help, but in the UK and throughout Europe, Sega reign supreme and both companies are now enjoying a market that is growing in size on a monthly basis.

But, as always seems to happen in the computer industry, the machine you own today will look positively Iron Age compared to the new machine that's coming out tomorrow. The Master System and NES were both launched in Britain in 1987, and already Sega and Nintendo have released new machines to keep abreast of technology.

"In the States more kids recognise the Mario image than recognise Mickey Mouse!"

Whereas both the NES and Master System were powered by the 'real' computer's fave 8-bit chip, the Z80 (plus some custom chips designed specifically to handle things like sound and graphics), the new range of consoles, the Sega Mega Drive and Nintendo Super NES – or SNES if you really want it to slip off the tongue – are both 16-bit machines, which is as far as technology has advanced in terms of popular home gaming.

Sega introduced the Mega Drive in

16-BIT
MEGA DRIVE SEGA

EAT AT JOE'S

There aren't many actors trying to get into the Guiness Book Of Records for most movie appearances in any one year, but Joe Pesci is giving it his best shot. From *JFK, My Cousin Vinny* and *Home Alone II* to *Lethal Weapon III*, he's been everywhere this year. So we sent TONY CRAWLEY to try and catch him in between movies, if he could...

It has been almost impossible to see a Hollywood movie this year without seeing Joe Pesci in it. Only his wigs change. Orange and slipping down his forehead like some oily omelette in JFK. Sunbleached white in Lethal Weapon II and III. 1940s regular for The Public Eye. A touch of Elvis, making the 50-year-old look 30 as My Cousin Vinny, the legal Rocky. And he keeps his own hair short, under a beret, to battle Macauly Culkin anew in Home Alone II.

Joe's everywhere! Unlike other recent winners, Joe's making a helluva living out of Oscar. The one he picked up for his vicious Mafiosa killer in Goodfellas. He'd been nominated before - for another brutal Scorsese/De Niro ride, Raging Bull. That movie brought the ex-child actor back from no particular place at all... and certainly not the $5m-a-film territory of the Home Alone brat.

Neither Scorsese performance gave the impression Pesci was going to last. Oh, he was perfect. So much so, he looked like someone De Niro and Scorsese picked out of a Bronx gutter or some NYPD line-up.

Yet the real Joe Pesci is not so F Word redolent as his screen personas. He's an articulate, genuine, gifted actor. He's laid back, funny, into foreign films, talks about art and after "three years on the road," aches for more time to hang out at his house on New Jersey sound.

Instead, little big-wigs Joe has joined the endless roll of Italian-Americans in US cinema - Valentino to De Niro, by way of Brando, Sinatra, Scorsese, Pacino, Coppola, even little Danny De Vito. Joe's risen so fast, that like amiable Danny Ailleo (Jacob's Ladder, Do The Right Thing, Mistress) and wild-eyed John Turturro (Jungle Fever, Barton Fink, Mac), Joe Pesci has vaulted out of supporting characters.

And all because of De Niro. Bob doesn't only act good, produce well and direct with expertise, he's a great talent scout. De Niro and Scorsese were among the (very) few to see Joe's 1976 movie, Death Collector.

That was my first movie," says Joe. "And my last! Acting jobs for me, or people like me, did not come easy in New York. Or, anyfuckingwhere else! And I couldn't get an agent or any work in Hollywood. I felt - I was!

- totally rejected. So, I quit."

He went to Las Vegas. Worked as a brickie, building as much of Vegas as Bugsy Siegel! "I worked for a mason. I mixed cement, carried blocks - I was torturing myself! Did a whole lotta walls. Nothing but sandstone walls. Around all the houses out there. I only went back to New Jersey when my father fell into a coma. He died and I stuck around... started managing a restaurant in the Bronx."

One off-duty night, he returned to close up the joint when a waiter told him Robert De Niro had called from MGM studios in California. "Yeah, right!" said Joe. "Sure he did. Get outa here!" No, insisted the waiter, he did call an left a callabck number.

I realised that he wasn't smart enough to know that 213 was the area code for California. So I called back, De Niro wasn't there. I left my name, hung up, went to bed."

Then, the telephone woke him up and changed his life. It happened - the way Joe tells it - like this...

"Joe! This is Bob De Niro."

"Yeah, sure it is!"

"No, really. This is really Bob De Niro."

"Yeah, and this is really Joe Pesci!"

"Er, right. Look, we're doing a film, Marty Scorsese and I and we wanna... Hey, is this the Joe Pesci who used to be an actor?"

"Yeah, right."

"We saw 'Death Collector' - we wanna talk to you about being in our movie. There's a part in it for you."

"Well, I don't do that anymore. Give it to a working actor."

"Wait a minute, we wanna talk to you about it."

"Well, I'm not going out to California. I'm running a restaurant here! Hey, you want I should keep you a table..?"

"Yeah - we'll come to see you."

That's how the mountain came to Pesci for dinner the following Sunday - and Scorsese told him all about Raging Bull and the "little role" - boxer Jake La Motta's brother, Joey. Joe was flattered - "Of course, I was fucking flattered!" He was only being asked to play De Niro's brother. But...

"Sorry, fellas! Look, if it's just a little role in a film, give it to some working actor... because I know the constant rejection these kids go through. I've been there. They'll appreciate the work more than I will at this point."

"The part could be bigger..."

"I keep telling ya - I'm through with all of that. You guys want desert?"

"The part could really be opened up..."

"Well... If it's really a big part and I can show how great I am and then be able to come back the right way and get more work, ya know..."

The end result: Joe's Joey was nominated for an Oscar. The real Joey LaMotta sued the film-makers for $2m. And Pesci hasn't stopped working since - making 20 movies in the last dozen years. As the funny Lethal Weapons III poster-of-the-year affirms - the feisty fella's a star.

"Not true! I'm no fucking star. Bob is a star. Not me. Never wanted to be, never will be a star. I'm just an actor is all. Okay, I get nice reviews, a few awards, the critics like me. That doesn't make me a star. The public makes stars. I just pick my roles as best I can, and get on with my job."

What's has the Oscar done for you?

"More money. More money. And... more money! No - nothing really changes. Except your self-confidence. Just knowing you have it is so wonderful. And the more you find out about it... I don't know the exact figures, but people tell me that something like only 2,200 Oscars have been given out. Maybe half of those to actors - half of those were given to women, half of those to Best Actors...so maybe 122 given to best supporting actors like me!"

MARTIN SCORSESE

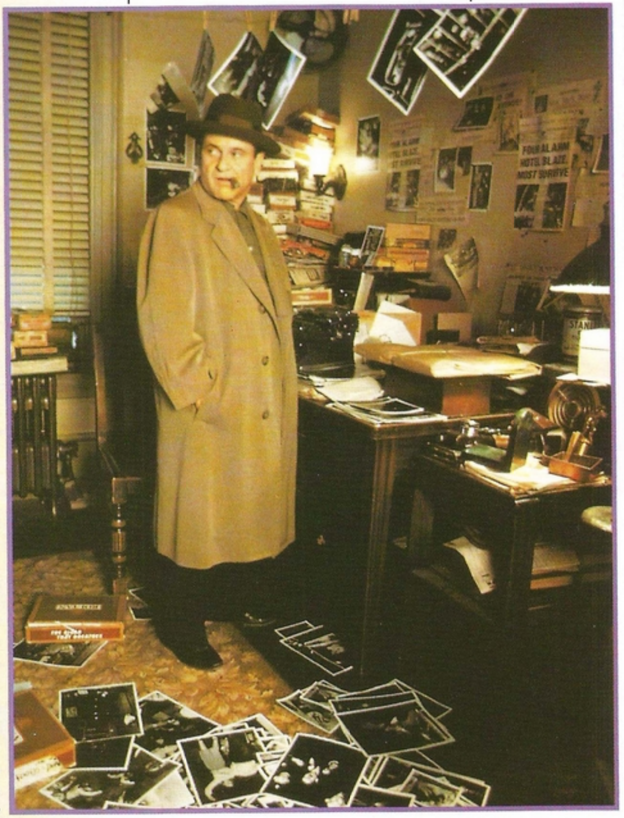
"Hollywood says he's too violent for an Oscar! Terminator comes out with a machine-gun and kills nine-zillion people - and nobody says a word about it. We kill about four guys in Goodfellas - it's a bloodfeast! C'mon! At least we show the reasons these people are killing each other - unlike the guys in those bloodbaths. Scorsese is right. Hollywood only wants E.T., shoot-em-up movies and car chases with no meaning. It doesn't favour the Raging Bulls and Goodfellas. Marty deserves an Oscar more than anybody. He's one of the greatest film-makers of our time."

VIOLENCE

"Yeah, of course, I saw violence on the street, like Marty did. It was all around us as we grew up. But we all see violence at one time in our lives and films should show it. We shouldn't turn out back on any part of life in film-making... Marty should be able to show and do whatever he wants to do. We're don't condone the violence, just show how terrible it is. If you don't see it, you won't know what to keep away from. If you don't see bad, you'll never know good. Film is meant to teach and entertain."

PET HATE

"Casting directors! But I don't have to deal with them anymore!"



They vet actors for a short-list to be auditioned by a director. Any one particularly bad experience with a casting director?

"One...? They were all bad! Terrible! And I don't like 'em guys at all. Okay, there's quite a few that are efficient and good and nice and caring about young actors - and I'll use them when I produce my own pictures. But the majority are wannabe actors. They're non-caring and wield that power sword over poor kids who never get a chance to meet a director.

"They just go into readings and these casting idiots are directing them - instead of letting them do their thing, because they're the ones with the talent, they're the ones that work at it. They know about acting. These casting fucks don't know. They think they know and that's their big mistake. Like it's a big mistake for directors to trust them to read people. Of course, directors can't meet everybody but they should see as many as they can."

MOVIES

We've no choice but seeing you this year. What movies do you go to see?

"You don't hafta go - you can just pay me now! I prefer foreign films. I support the arts. I go see as many films as I can, so I also support the business! Sometimes, I fall asleep. I'm a tough audience. I loved The Red Lantern - and anything by Pedro Almovodar. I'd fit into them - they're crazy, slices of life. Not just pieces of Hollywood big business. We need foreign films - they're the true art form. And I've made some... with German, French, Italian directors - like Sergio Leone."

TRUE BRIT

How'd you get on with a pukka Englishman like Jonathan 'Yes, Prime Minister' Lynn on 'My Cousin Vinny'? Any language barrier?

"At the beginning. He spoke so fast... and so funny! One time he says to me (Pesci turns on a BBC accent: 'Jooooeee - can you make that an inquisition rather than an accusation?' Er... what the fuck you talkin' about....! We had our differences but arguments and culture clashes can be good. If it was easy, I'd take too many liberties and overdo it."

COMEDY

"I like drama best. But there's humour in all situations. Marty and I used to laugh about the Goodfellas and the way the murders were done. They're so crazy, these people, they're funny. Not really funny but.. ironic! The way they kill people, the way they talk about it - second nature to them. Like shooting a kid in the foot because he didn't bring a drink fast enough or ignored me. These guys do these kinda things. Crazy!"

There's a cartoon side to your comedy. Are you a comic books fan?

"No, it's just my way of getting things across. You can say and do some terrible things sometimes if you laugh your way through it. It can be scary, you're laughing and we turn it around to something very violent. But people accept it a lot quicker. I just have this flair for comedy... in something straight. My next film, The Public Eye, is a serious piece. It's based on the '40s' life of the great photographer, Wegee - 'based on' means we didn't have all the rights to his story!"

PRODUCING

What's your company called?

"Short and Shorter. (Guffaw!) My partner is Frank Dilelo - Michael Jackson's former manager. I was Mr. Big in Michael's Moonwalking - and Frank had a tiny role in Goodfellas. Producing's the best way to get my hands on things I wanna do. When the big studios have something good, they delegate it to people and I can be missed out."

VINNY'S BABE

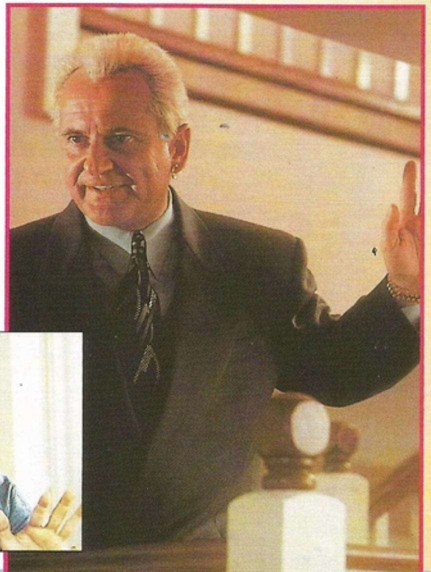
Marisa Tomeii looks great and is an incredible actress (She's replaced Madonna in 'Baboon Heart' - Ed). I was going mad looking for a leading lady. Jonathan Lynn and producer Paul Schiff were reading women all day. I was trying to get a star to add something to it. Ellen Barkin was having a baby. Melanie Griffith was working. We tried all over... nothin'!

"Then, they had someone they were keen on. I read with her and... wasn't that happy. So, they played this tape of "this girl we not sure about." Marisa! I yelled: "Hire this girl!" Jonathan said: "Doncha want to meet her?"

"Hire her first, John, and then I'll meet her - don't let her get away. She's perfect!" A lot of casting directors are gonna be sorry they didn't hire her before! She's gonna be big. She was very helpful to me with the Brooklyn accent."

But you always have a Brooklyn accent!

"Whaddyer limeys know from accents...! That's Bronx! I'm from Newark, but I do Bronx a lot. Bronx and Brooklyn are real different. Marisa's accent was right on the head. Look at Vinny again and you'll see when we're doing scenes together, my accent is perfect. When I'm alone, it's a little shakey."



METHOD

"I don't have any method training. No tricks like that. I do pick up things. Leo Getz, in Lethal Weapon, keeps going: 'Okay, Okay, Okay!' I took that from the way the Disneyland staff talk to you! I wanna make a whole film about Leo...so, I read a script and see the character! I kinda make myself look like what I see, try to be the way this person behaves, when I think I have all that down, then I go to work. All I had to do with Vinny was dress him in those mad clothes. Next time, he'll be in an Old Bailey wig! I try to design the look - the hair, the clothes."

As Vinny, you shed years and looked like a rock idol.

"Hah! Well, that is all my own hair - except at the front. I grew my hair long at the back and sides, curled it - had a permamanant done - dyed it black and added a piece at the front, almost like a pompadour. No matter how much I grow my hair, I can't get a pomp. I can't get it up the way I used to..."

Are we still talking hair?

"Get outa here!"

Sonic the Hedgehog, he may be a cartoon character, but he's a 'hog with attitude who features in two hugely successful games (with more on the way).

the UK in 1990 and haven't looked back. In fact, the current popularity of consoles (as any father whose offspring are aged anywhere between 8-18 will testify) can almost be attributed to the arrival of the Mega Drive, the world's first 16-bit, dedicated games console. People that hadn't looked at a computer game since they were disillusioned with 'Tank Pong™', and the hundreds of equally poor games on the Atari machine all those years ago, were stunned to see the Mega Drive running sophisticated games that looked like they'd just stepped out of the arcades and into the living room.

And it's the quality of the software in terms of graphics, stereo sound and good gameplay that has lead to a resurgence of the video game. Nowadays it's not only fun to play on the machines, it's also a social event. Games can often accommodate up to eight players (though never more than two at once), which can make for excellent fun with a few mates and a few cans of beer on a Saturday night, once the Grievous Bodily Arms has kicked out.

SEGA
GAME GEAR

The fairer sex are even getting in on the act, too. No longer do women turn their noses up at the awful graphics, or give up trying to control the character on screen that seems to have a life of its own no matter what you do on the joystick. Sega games and, to a lesser extent Nintendo games because their 16-bit machine has only just arrived in the UK, are fun to watch, fun to listen to and most of all fun to play. That's not to say Master System or NES games aren't equally 'worthy' but it's been the bigger machines that have really captured the ladies.

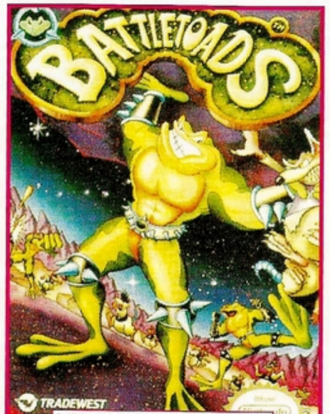
But although the bigger machines have done much to change the image of home computer gaming, both companies also have much smaller machines.

Nintendo introduced the world to its Gameboy hand-held machine in 1989, and suddenly 'Tetris™' fever took over. The small, mono-screened devil could easily be pulled from a pocket (or indeed from under a pillow if the missus really *did* have a headache), and was brilliant for whiling away dull train and car journeys with the excellent 'Tetris™' game that came bundled with it.

0:20
ENERGY
ENERGY

Not to be outdone, of course, Sega went one better with their Game Gear machine which was launched into Europe in 1991. With sleek designing and a full colour screen (it becomes a pocket colour TV with the additional purchase of a TV tuner that slots into the place you'd normally plug a cartridge), the Game Gear has become *the* fashion accessory of the moment. Clever marketing by Sega ensured that pop stars and TV personalities all had one, and a large majority even enjoyed playing on the thing. This inevitably led to a whole load of photos in the nationals of stars playing Game Gears, and it wasn't long before any kid looking to retain his playground street-cred had to have one. But Sega weren't just thinking fashion here, the Game Gear is able to play the vast majority of Master System games via a convertor that slots in the back (like the Mega Drive, which can also play Master System games via a convertor on the top), which means that all the money you spend on cartridges for one machine isn't wasted when you buy a new one.

And if one thing is going to make or break a new console, it's the software available for it. 'Sonic The Hedgehog' is now a household name, and with Sonic 2 just launched world-wide, the blue, spiky bundle of fun looks set to become even more popular. Actually, Sonic has a lot to answer for. He's certainly largely responsible for bringing a lot more females to the joystick, but there's nothing 'girly' about him. In fact, it's been this hack's pleasure to spend the evening with a couple of hairy bikers who have enjoyed Sonic just as much as any woman (though given the choice I think they'd have gone for the woman and told Sonic where to get off, if the opportunity had arisen!)



Battletoads. Coming to the U.K. for Christmas and poised to set the NES alight.

That's not to say that all games are cute 'n' cuddly. Not by a long chalk. 'Splatterhouse 2' (the name kinda gives it away doesn't it?) for the Mega Drive is sold in America with a warning on the cover advising the buyer that the game's not suitable for children (who said games were for kids?). Okay, so it's mostly a marketing ploy to believe the fact that although the game has loads of blood and guts, it has little gameplay – but it's not going to be the last to carry such a warning. You don't even have to have the warning to have the gore. One game that's widely available in the UK with plenty of slice 'n' dice and just a drop or two of the red stuff is 'The Immortal', from Electronic Arts. Great game, but it's bloody stuff!

The fact that you can get this sort of software is indicative of how much older your average gamer is. Twee games with cuddly kiwis ('New Zealand Story' for the Master System) may be excellent to play if you're nearer 15 than 35, but there's an ever-growing market of gamers who are more towards the latter figure than the former who don't actually *want* to be a fluffy kiwi.

The Undertaker
The Mountie

WWF Wrestlemania on the NES. Anything the kids are into eventually comes out on one machine or the other (and games are usually much better than watching the real thing!)

So what of these games then? Sega's Christmas line-up for their top of the range machines the Mega Drive and the Mega CD (oh yes, Sega are releasing a machine that plugs into your Mega Drive and is basically a CD ROM drive, which means your games come on CD. This can store bucket-loads more code than the normal cartridge, which offers a lot more scope for real-time animation sequences and generally much better graphics and sound than you could get on cart), include such delights as 'Streets of Rage 2', a violent beat 'em up where you basically get to kick people in the teeth and live to tell the tale.

> **“ 'Streets of Rage 2', a violent beat 'em up where you basically get to kick people in the teeth and live to tell the tale.”**

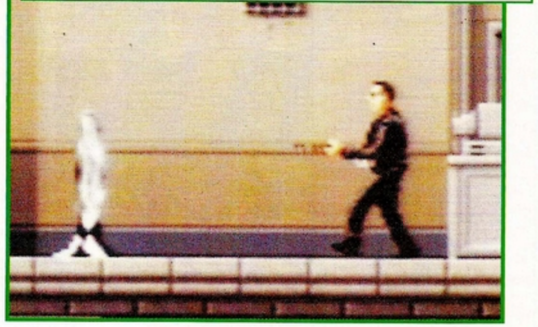
Nintendo have a strong line-up for Christmas too, though they tend to be more conservative with their software and often tone down the violent and blood and guts by making the main characters distinctly non-human. 'Battletoads' may be a big seller this Christmas, but that's because it's a good game, and not because it has true-to-life graphics and over the top violence and gore.

And it's not as if you have to make the hefty £30-£50 purchase of a game these days. Sega (at least) have seen the sense of allowing their games to be rented out by video shops in the same way normal videos are rented. Pop along to your local video shop and, instead of getting the latest movie for £3 for the night, you can get yourself one of the latest games for the same price and try the thing out at home. All you need is the machine to play it on (and a lot of video shops rent those out, too), and away you go. Pretty soon, though, you won't want to just rent the thing, you're going to want to have one yourself!

A couple of things are for sure, though, we'll have yet another wet Christmas in Britain, with the first signs of snow in about late March, and Sega and Nintendo are both going to do very well thank you very much this yuletide.

In fact, the really smart *parents* will know what to tell their *kids* what they want for Christmas, and there's hardly a kid in the land who isn't going to be queuing up to buy Mum or Dad a Sega or Nintendo for their present! It's almost like the kids of today are re-paying generations of parents who insisted on buying their offspring train sets for Christmas just because Dad really wanted to have a go…

Terminator 2 on the SNES. You don't have to be a cartoon character to be in a game, and you don't even have to have seen or enjoyed the movie to enjoy the game.



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mini skirts and poutty looks which drew a stiff response from cock. It was so hypnotic an idea I hitched up my skirt there and then, revealing my minge, and asking whether he wanted me to shave it? He thought that a brill idea, and Stephanie did the honours, cleaning me carefully up so that my peachy fanny lips stuck out big and proud from my bare pubes. His cock was twitching with expectation, even though he'd not long spunked Stephanie with several huge loads of sticky come. Being a master of control, I started to wank him, knowing that he could come off just when he saw fit.

What a relief when he finally slipped it up my cunt too. It was big and wet, slippery and slimy, gleaming and proud from the conquest of my girlfriend, Stephanie just kept saying how massive he was, how delicious, I'd bent over, bearing my ripe buttocks to the camera lens, and Noel stood in close, posing his knob head in the gate of my fanny, just for the photo call! Then, though it was pushing up me- brushing aside my obedient cunny lips, and ploughing on in to where he had this wonderful habit of stirring up my clit, and shedding gallons of spunk, deep inside my womanhood. It was a greedy cock that night, he was thrusting with vigour, and Steph got the pics of his earnest, pumping thrusts just nice. You know, I had one of those sent looks on my face, and Noel was grimacing, banging his rod back and forth inside me like he was fit to explode. The inevitable ensued, with me banging and howling for spunk, just as his balls banged up against my buttocks, and the wads started springing, thick and splashing into my cunt.

The next week and the pics were eagerly reviewed by Colin and Danny who got very hard, rubbing themselves up over them, seated on our respective loos, I told Danny not to be daft, but to relieve himself on the bed, in comfort, and to let me watch and describe the sensations that paralleled all those erotic and very lush fuckery photos. The gush of spunk he jerked off shot into the air, and fell all over his tummy, filling up that little button of his!

Telling him that he was history now, that Noel was arranging for us to go with other equally well endowed men, just seemed to delight him more. He said I could have all the leather gear I wanted. Much the same story happened round Stephanie's, and she went bananas with his credit card in the jewellers, boy did she look a posh little madame by the time she'd finished.

Our first fucks with Noel's mates came at the party he held the following week. There was all this loud house music, some reggae and heavy rock, combined with superb drink and the horniest, most confident guys you could imagine. That night I went with three of them, all very tall and very big around where it mattered. Stephanie had an extended session with two of his friends, and we slid off home around four the following morning, utterly ruined for any bloke with a modest sized chopper.

The penis envy thing though got catered for our photo album is pretty special, Colin is so impressed with his haughty wife that he says she's more of the house princess now. Colin, I reckon, wants to be her slave! Checks with Noel and others confirmed that we hadn't become hookers overnight, the

◆3

SANTA'S LUCKY DIP
SANTA'S LUCKY DIP
KEITH REYNOLDS

PUN-ILINGUS

Cache-sexe:
Hidey-hole.

Cock up:
A tom cat failing to land on his feet.

Cojones:
What's found behind Spanish flies.

Come a cropper:
Sleep with a farmer's daughter.

Condom:
Hardwear.

Drip-tease:
The run-off from a wet T-shirt.

The Editor's Arse

Dear Editor,

Whilst reading Knave Volume 24 No. 7, I noticed the piece where some lucky bastard could win a pair of knicks from their favourite model.

I fantasise about most of your curvaceous beauties, but one model caught my eye more than any other. I am referring to Annie (Volume 24, No. 7). Annie just oozes sex from every part of her anatomy. I don't suppose you would happen to have her undies would you?

If you do, then I would be very grateful, also if you could send the stockings that would be an added bonus; both would remind me of her, as she has the most perfect body I could ask for.

– P.B., Lincolnshire.

Christmas DISAPPEARANCES

Christmas. A time for peace and goodwill to all mankind, for families to reunite and exchange gifts. But sometimes Christmas has a far more sinister bite to it than mere winter weather. For some, it's literally the last time they ever see their friends and relatives again. In the tradition of Charles Fort and Ripley, both chroniclers of strange phenomena and bizarre occurrences, GEOFFREY HUMPHRYS takes an intriguing look at some peculiar Christmas dissapearances...

Dark winter nights are the ideal backcloth for ghostly activities, this is why Christmas in Britain has long been associated with ghosts, and let's face it, everyone loves a Christmas ghost story.The real apparitions include male, female and child ghosts, with almost every county having its share of haunted houses and local ghost appearances.

On the other side or the coin, people disappear inexplicably at Christmas under bizarre circumstances and are never found. One such baffling case is that of Oliver Lerch, unaccountably whisked away from his home at South Bend, Indiana, USA, on Christmas Eve 1880.

During a neighbourly party, his wife asked him to fetch a pail of water from their outside well. When he took longer than usual, she went to call him and heard his shrieking cries for help. Mrs Lerch summoned her guests and several ran with her into the backyard. It was too dark to see much, but they heard agonised human-sounding cries, becoming fainter as they seemed to rise higher into the sky.

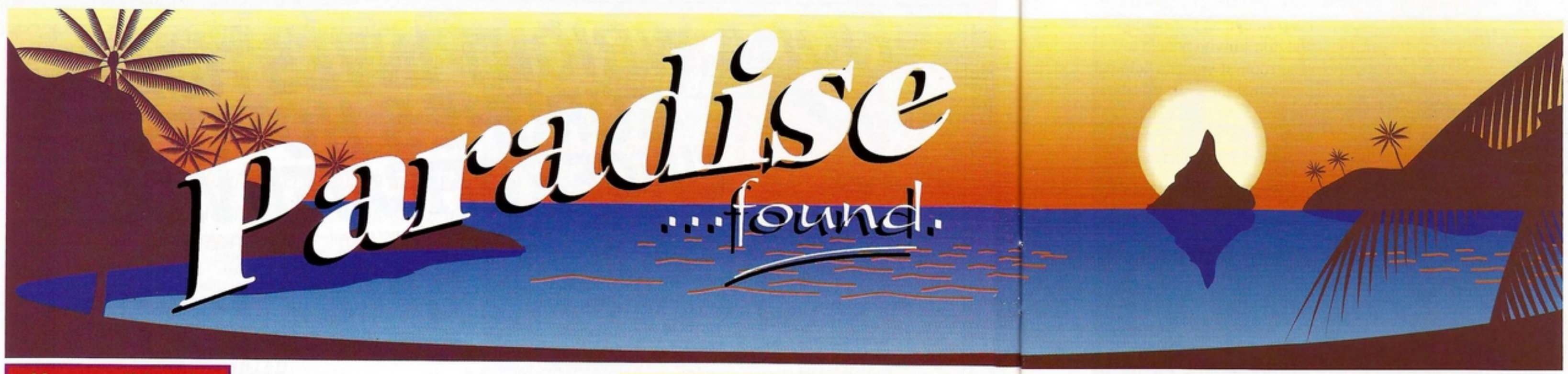
The police were informed, but darkness prevented any effective investigation. When dawn broke, however, a full scale search of the area with police and volunteers was embarked upon, without anything relevant being found.

Meanwhile, a description of Oliver Lerch went out over a nationwide network, then was circulated on a worldwide scale for many months without success. No-one reported sighting Oliver; none of his clothes nor any identifiable remains were ever found.

One theory advanced was that he had been carried off by an eagle, but eagles are not normally capable of carrying off a fully-grown man, nor were there any known eyries near South Bend. The police were completely baffled. They could offer no satisfactory explanation then, neither has one emerged since.

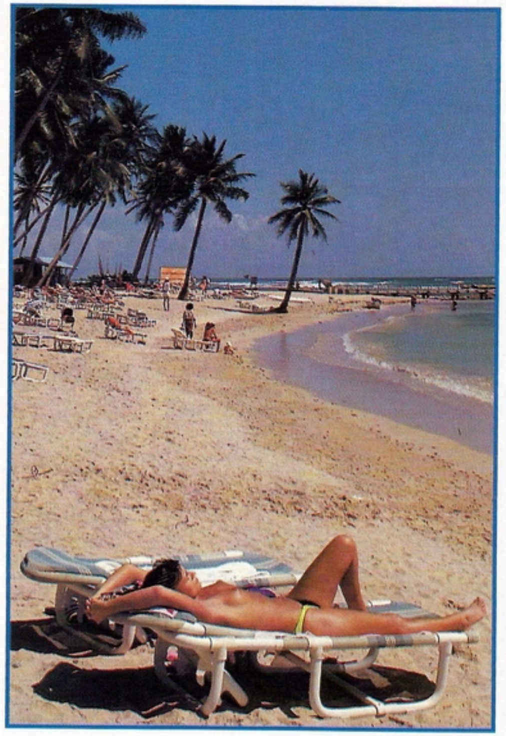
The case of Oliver Lerch remains an unsolved Christmas mystery. According to the record, he just vanished into the night. The victim of aliens? Animals or murderers? We'll never know.

Ambrose Small, a 56-year-old



Paradise ...found

You can't beat a good British winter, can you? Stinking slush, or maybe just 30 inches of torrential rain a day. Then there's all those stupid presents to buy people you hate for Christmas. Great fun. Wouldn't miss it for the world. We must be nutters! Once you've read what DOUG MORELAND has to say about the Dominican Republic, you'll never spend another winter in Blighty, that's for sure!



There you are, lying on a crystal white beach, sipping on a rum and coke watching the local girls sun-bathe. Tall, slim beauties with tight, round bottoms and bikinis daring enough to show them off. It's not Torbay, Blackpool or even Brighton, it's the Dominican Republic and, for the same price as a good fortnight in the Med, you've flown out for the holiday of a lifetime. Well, if you're smart you have.

Let's face it, who wants to spend another dreary, wet winter here in England where the trains don't run because of the wrong kind of snow, rain or leaves, the government can't decide what to do and everybody just wants to get Christmas over and done with so they can count the cost?

True, we're stuck in the middle of a recession that has bitten deeper than any pit bull and seems set to castrate us all on the grounds that we're British and bloody deserve it, but that John Major chap wants us to spend our way out of the recession. So what better way to boost the economy than buying a holiday in a foreign country and taking all your hard earned money abroad? Well, even John Major went to Spain on holiday, not Scunthorpe.

With the airlines locked into a different price war every few weeks, the 90s has become the decade of cut-price long haul flights. A couple of years ago it would have cost you £500 to fly to the US. Now you can get out to Australia for the same amount. Cut price fares mean that people who would otherwise have gone to traditional resorts can now visit somewhere a little more exotic, and they don't get much more exotic than the Dominican Republic.

If you like a bit of slap and tickle, then this is the place to go. Forget Spain and Greece and their hordes of tourists. In resorts like Juan Dolio you'll find more pretty girls than you can shake a stick at, and more than a few of them will be quite happy to keep you entertained during your holiday. Your fun won't be free, but for $30 a lot of the local ladies will happily oblige you, and you won't regret the expense, either!

The nice thing about a lot of Dominican girls is their open attitude toward sex. Your reporter approached and was himself approached on numerous occasions by girls sexy enough to knock your socks off. Many of the local girls live for sex, it's heavily ingrained into the culture and this means that you don't have to spend hours bullshitting with a woman before getting down to the nitty gritty. They know what you want and, what's more, they want the same thing.

Down on the Costa Caribe, an almost endless, white beach bordered by thousands of palm trees, the tourist girls top up their tans. The crystal clear water rarely gets colder than 26 degrees celsius, and attracts American girls like fat to a mother in law. The local girls are here in abundance, and will often come up to you and open the conversation with a smile and the immortal line: "Hey, senor. Looki-looki, fucki-fucki, sucki-sucki, cheapi-cheapi!" Don't be surprised if you hear that one 10 to 15 times a day from local girls whose skin colours vary as much as their prices. You'll find 'murenas', 'mulatas' and 'negras', as the locals call them, all competing for your favours, and all you have to do is pick your favourite!

Virtually the only thing you can't be guaranteed here is a good supply of condoms. Take plenty of them with you, and make sure you use them, just to be on the safe side. And if you think you know everything there is to know about sex, just wait until you've made it with a Latin girl. That goes for both the hookers and the locals gals who just do it for fun.

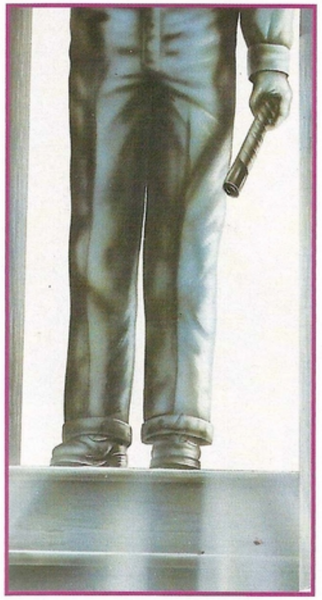
Because tourism is relatively new to the Dominican Republic, you'll find that there aren't that many night clubs and hotels in this poor country. However, this works in your favour, since everyone congregates around

Christmas DISAPPEARANCES

Toronto theatre magnate, mysteriously disappeared during the week before Christmas 1919. A ruthless, self-made man, he speculated on the property market and became a millionaire before reaching the age of 40. Then at the age of 56, decided to sell the theatre empire he had built up and, accordingly, received an offer from a Montreal financier.

Snow fell steadily when Ambrose Small and his wife Theresa went to his Toronto bank to meet the interested financier. A deal was struck and a one million dollar cheque handed over as a down payment. Small gave it to his wife and she paid it into his account. They then went to lunch with their solicitor.

Afterwards, having made an arrangement to meet the solicitor at his Toronto Opera House office at 4pm to sign documents, Small informed Theresa that he would fill in time by doing some Christmas shopping, so she returned home in their chauffeur-driven car. Ambrose Small was later seen entering the opera house just before 4 o'clock, but nobody ever saw him leave. He had vanished into thin air.



The solicitor later testified that he met Ambrose Small as arranged, conducted the necessary business with Small and his secretary, John Doughty, then left them together at about 5:30pm.

Doughty left the opera house and had supper with his sister, before going to Montreal with papers for the financier to sign. He gave his sister a brown paper package to look after for him, then his brother-in-law drove him to the station to catch the Montreal train.

When Ambrose Small did not return home that night, Theresa assumed that he had gone to Montreal with Doughty. A totally self-centred man, it was not unusual for him to go away without informing her.

Ambrose Small was officially declared dead in 1924 although his body was never found.

The following morning, the opera house caretaker checked whether his boss had returned home then informed the police that he was missing. The police issued Small's description, then a dramatic development occurred. Pinned to the door of a Toronto church, someone found a card which read: "Prayers for the soul of Ambrose Small."

The search for the missing man now became a murder hunt. Suspicion first fell upon Theresa Small, chiefly because she was of German extraction, and Germans were resented in Canada shortly after the first World War. Her house was searched and the police kept her under surveillance, but discovered nothing relating to her husband's disappearance.

John Doughty came under suspicion, but could not be traced after his arrival in Montreal. The theatre caretaker informed the police that Doughty had fought with Small, soon after the solicitor left the opera house. This prompted a thorough search of the building, even to sifting the boiler ashes for traces of human remains. But again, no trace of Small was found.

When the police obtained a court order to open a strong box at Small's bank, they discovered 105,000 dollars worth of bonds missing, with Doughty the last recorded person to open the box. The search for him intensified, but a year passed before Doughty was located in a lumber camp in Oregon, USA. The Canadian police took him back to Montreal and discovered the missing bonds in the attic of his sister's house.

The police were convinced they had Small's murderer, but he denied all knowledge of the alleged fight at the opera house. He maintained that he had been promised a share in the theatre deal, but knowing Small's unscrupulous past, took the bonds as insurance against being doublecrossed. When he heard of Small's disappearance in Montreal, he panicked and fled across the border to the lumber camp.

The police didn't believe him, but in the absence of a body could not charge him with murder. Eventually, Doughty was charged with theft of the bonds, found guilty and sentenced to six years' imprisonment. Ambrose Small was officially declared dead in 1924 although his body was never found.

Twenty years later, the Toronto Opera House had to be demolished. The police maintained a continuous presence throughout the demolition work, meticulously sifting through every pile of rubble before it left the site. They found nothing connected with the millionaire's disappearance. Like Oliver Larch, he simply vanished mysteriously into thin air at Christmas time.

Christmas 1974 was approaching when, on a cold winter's night, Lady Veronica Lucan ran through the pouring rain into a London pub close to her home at Lower Belgrave Street. She burst into the bar with rain and blood from various head wounds running down her face and soaking into her nightclothes. She further astonished the drinkers by screaming, "My husband has murdered the nanny. My children need help."

Emergency services were immediately alerted. The police went to the house and, in the basement found the body of the nanny, Sandra Rivett, aged 29, in a Post Office mail bag, then the murder weapon – a length of lead piping wrapped in medical plaster. But there was no trace of Richard John Bingham, seventh Earl of Lucan.

During their investigations the Earl's mother, the Dowager Countess Lucan, arrived at the house. She said her son had phoned asking her to come, because the nanny and his wife had been attacked by an intruder he had disturbed. He would have to get away because Veronica insisted on accusing him of killing the nanny.

When questioned, the Dowager Countess confirmed that the Lucans' were separated, but said her son tried to keep up appearances by regularly visiting the house occupied by Lady Lucan, her two children and the nanny.

Lady Lucan was interviewed in hospital next day. She regretted that the nanny had lost her life through not taking her usual night off, as her husband had not expected Sandra to be in the house. Evidently she was watching TV in the main bedroom with her daughter Frances and the nanny. Before going to bed, Sandra went downstairs to make hot drinks. She seemed to be gone an unusually long time, so Lady Lucan went to investigate.

Finding the half-landing in darkness, she called Sandra's name but received no reply. Suddenly, a gloved hand grabbed her throat, then she was struck on the head several times. As she fell, she managed to grab the attacker's testicles and squeezed hard. The pain of her grip forced him backwards and, glancing upwards, she recognised her husband's face in the gloomy light.

She said Lord Lucan admitted to her that he had killed Sandra by mistake, thinking it was her. She saved her own life only by promising to help him escape. They went upstairs to a bedroom where she lay on a bed while he went to obtain towels to treat her wounds. As soon as she thought him far enough away, she got up and dashed to the local pub.

In his absence, a coroner's Jury decreed that Lord Lucan did kill Sandra Rivett, so the search for him has gone on ever since.

Some Scotland Yard detectives suspect that Lord Lucan has been seen since his disappearance. Their inquiries revealed that he moved within an elite circle of aristocratic friends likely to protect him, even against the capital crime of murder. They have no proof to bring charges of aiding and abetting a wanted criminal to change his name and start a new life in some unknown haven, but they think this may have happened. Unless Lord Lucan is found alive, the mystery will remain unsolved.

The later autopsy revealed that the boy had not died of natural causes, yet there were no signs of injury to the body.

The small township of Chester in Nebraska, USA, was the scene of another Christmas mystery, when a little boy's body was found by Chuck Kleveland on 24 December 1985. He was on his way to the neighbouring farming community of Hebron in a pick-up truck, when he noticed something protruding just above the frost-covered high grass.

Chuck stopped, expecting the object to move or fly away. When it did not, he pushed his way through the grass to investigate. What he saw momentarily paralysed him with shock – the pyjama-clad, frozen body of a boy about four feet in height, with blond hair, a freckled face, a gap in his front teeth and one hand on his heart.

Regaining his senses, Chuck dashed to his truck and contacted the sheriff on CB radio. Sheriff Gary Young took some convincing that the unusual call was serious, but when he arrived on the scene, his immediate impression was that the body had not been dumped; someone had carefully placed it in its final position. But why?

The body was moved to the town mortuary and examined by a police pathologist, but no evidence of foul play was found. Speedy inquiries confirmed that thankfully no young boy was missing from a Chester or Hebron family. But now, late on Christmas Eve, inquiries farther afield were difficult; most offices were closed, so phones rang without being answered.

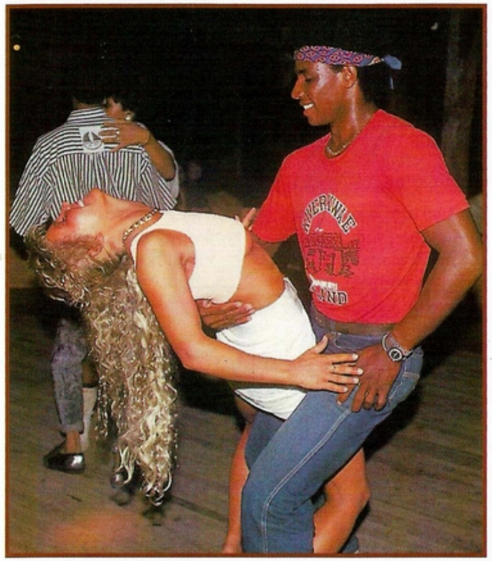
Local people dubbed the boy the Christmas child, and he was the chief topic of conversation during their muted celebrations. Everyone wanted to know his identity. Where had he come from? Who and why had someone abandoned him under such strange circumstances?

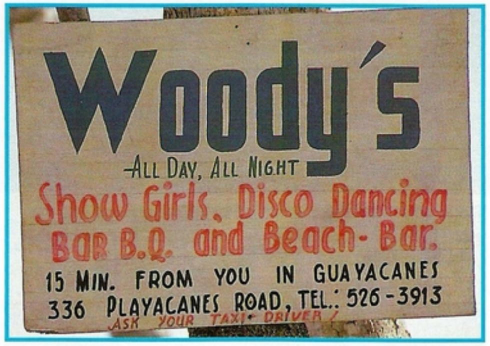
The later autopsy revealed that the boy had not died of natural causes, yet there were no signs of injury to the body; a distinguishing birthmark and small scar were recorded to assist identification. The only slightly abnormal feature was the presence of a higher than average trace of carbon monoxide. This suggested that the child could have been suffocated until he lost consciousness, then placed in the frozen field to die.

When no response was received from any police department, child welfare group or social service agency, every known detail was fed into the FBI computer at Washington. The data was checked against all children who had gone missing from the whole country for that year and the previous year. Over 200 possible leads were followed up, but the little boy's origin was never established. He had seemingly left this world without anyone missing him. He is buried in the Chester cemetery, in a locally-donated coffin with an inscribed headstone.

One man who remembers the abandoned child every Christmas is County Attorney Dan Werner. He reckons the boy was murdered, possibly because he unwittingly witnessed some adult crime that necessitated his being silenced. Werner keeps an open file on the case, still hoping to solve one of the many Christmas mysteries. But where the boy came from and who killed him remains a bizarre Christmas enigma.

Paradise
...found.

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Video Night Club
LA
FUENTE

the few select places, giving you a broad cross-section of tourists and locals to meet. Or meat, if you like. The big news in the local bars is the Merenque, a dance similar to the Lambada but about 50 times hornier when the local girls start performing it!

At 10pm the local girls really come out to play. If you want to get to know the local talent, then *Mother Theresa*, *Discoteque Magica* and *Video Night Club La Fuente* are the places to visit. They're all located on the main drag through Juan Dolio, so aren't too hard to find. Just be warned, if you're staying in Hotel Metro and want to take a girl back to your room, forget it. The hotel guards won't let her through and won't even accept bribes! Other, smaller hotels will let you take a girl upstairs with you, although you might be charged a minimal checking in fee for her. Well, you are on holiday.

A word of advice, wherever you're staying, keep an eye on your things and don't invite people to your room if you can help it. Given that the average salary out here is around £30 a month, you're a rich man compared to the locals, and an easy target for crime. For the same obvious reasons, don't get caught on the streets after dark if you can help it. There are cabs everywhere, so why take risks?

With this problem in mind, just where do you take a girl if you don't want to go back to your hotel? Well, you could always try *Woody's*. The owner is a Dominican who used to live in the US, and his bar has plenty of small private rooms that can be hired at a small cost.

A lot of the hotels throw on discos for their tourist guests. Hotel Talanquera is generally crammed with Scandinavians and is down on the waterfront in Juan Dolio. Likewise, the Hotel Decameron runs its own disco and also has the attraction of a casino for the big spenders amongst you.

TOPLESS IS
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OFTOURISM

When you get bored looking at the local girls, or messing around with the tourists, then you can sample some more professional ladies. The best whorehouse in Costa Caribe is *Casa Bon Sua*, located close to the main road out of Juan Dolio and just before the city of La Romana. Here, as with most of the local brothels, you have a choice of between 10-20 girls, with each girl costing about 300 pesos. Spend around £80 and you will probably end up in an all-night orgy with several girls who will run you ragged and then start on one another! *Casa Bon Sua* is intimate and can cater to almost every need - at a more than reasonable price.

Casa Isabel, in San Pedro, is also worth a look. The taxi drivers all know where it is, and the place virtually never shuts. In the beach area of *Boca Chica*, the hookers wander the sand. Many of them are there to pick up customers for the small-but-friendly brothel at 20 de Dicembre nearby. It might look like a nice little house, but appearances can be deceptive!

If you want the best, though, then you need to head for the nation's capital, Santo Domingo, and a place called *Le Petit Chateau*. It's bigger, better and more exclusive than anything else you'll find in the Republic. No less than 300 girls work in what is essentially an outdoor nightclub, representing every skin tone and body shape imaginable. Drinks and snacks may cost you a little over the odds, but there's no pressure on you to take a girl; you can just go and watch the action. The club doesn't offer any rooms, but if you do pick up one of the girls they'll take you to the nearby hotel they frequent.

If hotels and rooms aren't your thing, then how about taking the girl of your dreams to a remote desert island? Yep, it's not impossible. There are boats and crews up and down the coast who will happily organise a charter for you. Or there are the unspoilt beaches to explore in Bayahibe. A 20 minute walk will take you away from the bars and clubs out to beaches lined with palms and quiet enough to allow you to enjoy a few hours in peace. And it's all available at a very reasonable price.

The only thing you have to do is pack plenty of condoms and leave your inhibitions and winter blues at home. It's got to be more fun than listening to the Queen's Speech, hasn't it?

◄31

his gifts could only be for me; nice things to wear and the like.

Blake was quietly excited – it was obvious. We went into a West End jewellers and I came out with a very expensive bracelet around my wrist. We then went off to his hotel, and retired to the bedroom, where he had the lights down low. Stripping before him, I was a little cack-handed that first time, but my suspenders and lacy briefs pleased him nonetheless. Unzipping his fly and taking his manhood into my hands was the next sexy step. His balls were large, bulbous and full. Perhaps Blake rarely screwed, I didn't know, but it was surely unlikely: the man was well hung!

Leading his fingers to my quim, up my crack and onto my sex button was a discovery. He found out just how damp I was down there, and I found it so raunchy to take the lead and encourage like that. "Would you like me to lick or ride your cock?" I asked coquettishly. He got onto the bed and sat there, stroking my thighs and my now bare breasts. "Let's have it doggy fashion," he decided. Blake put his cock into me for the first time gently, even hesitantly. I found him a tight fit and panted a little as he slid inside me. His concern was touching, but I eventually said it: "You're the boss darling, fuck me anyway you see fit!"

The green light effect was amazing. Blake really let fly, pumping his stalk in and out of me, making my pussy bang onto his knob with his bumpy beat. Every thrust left my hair swinging, my paps swaying and Blake grunting right up to the hilt with each push. Several of those thrusts hit my G spot, so I moved, angling my hips to direct his cock to the spot time and again. The result was a foregone conclusion: he had me shivering and bucking into a climax within seconds. "Oh God, Blake, yes that's it, harder darling, harder!" I kept shouting, and he delivered, relentlessly, superbly. My climax was excellent – my insides knotting with the orgasm, sweeping up and over me. His caustic cock juice surged inside me right on cue, and we gasped at the sensations together.

There was no embarrassment when we'd finished, either. Blake said I was gorgeous, and I replied that he was pretty talented. He insisted on writing Roger courteous thank you letter, and I took it home with a sense of amusement, but also worried about what Roger really would feel!

Suffice to say that the two of them started to drop each other notes! Roger was equally calm and convivial, and the next week I went away with Blake for the weekend. Even though the following months became filled with similar dates, Roger was good about the part-time husband thing. He liked my new leather skirts, the silk undies and the suntan I brought home from abroad. As a result we've been fucking extra hard, too, spurred on by the randy tales we share in the bedroom. It's a sort of career as I say, a sexy one, but not something you pick up in college!

– Wendy, Chelmsford.

NEW
INFLATABLE FATHER XMAS
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***Hitler had only got one ball.* At least that's what Soviet medics discovered when they conducted a post mortem on the partially burned remains of Hitler. Perhaps the other testicle was burned, or more likely is in the Albert Hall...**

During intercourse, your pulse rate *can hit anything between 142 and 150 beats per minute, as opposed to 200 during athletic exercise.*

***Although the US health dept. are unsure* about the safety of silicone breast implants, air stewardesses have known the dangers of cabin pressure for some time. Scientists discovered that sudden drops in cabin pressure can lead to implants swelling rapidly. We can confirm this, since one of our models – and this is genuine – actually had a breast implant burst during a flight. Happily, she's fine now!**

Screaming Great Orgasm

I would like to tell you about a recent experience which has made a little fantasy come true for my girlfriend Jane.

Jane and I live together but we have a very open relationship because her appetite for sex means that she needs more than one man to keep her satisfied and happy. She has no trouble attracting other men because she is blonde and tall and dresses in a very provocative way without looking common. She is so grateful to me for allowing her such complete sexual freedom that she wants to marry me now so that she can feel even more secure in the knowledge that I will not leave her while she goes off for long week ends and holidays with other men.

Jane is completely honest and tells me everything about her sexual experiences in explicit detail and she lets me watch and join in whenever there is the chance. She started to have lots of different men when she was first living in a flat and the guy she was sharing with used to sleep with her when I wasn't staying.

Sometimes we used to share her if I turned up at odd hours of the night and she used to enjoy being taken by her two lovers at the same time. The idea of having two loads of spunk in her hole excited her so much that after being screwed she often used to stand naked on the bed with her legs astride our bodies. She would then masturbate over us pushing as many fingers in to her hot cunt as she could and holding her red cunt lips open for her lovers to see her licking our spunk off her fingers and she would often finish herself off with a large vibrator.

Her flatmate got a girlfriend and so the games came to a gradual end after the girlfriend moved in too, I think she was suspicious that there may have been a menage a trois. Jane then came to live with me in a terraced house but still had her other lovers. At one time she had two on the go and often used to ▶

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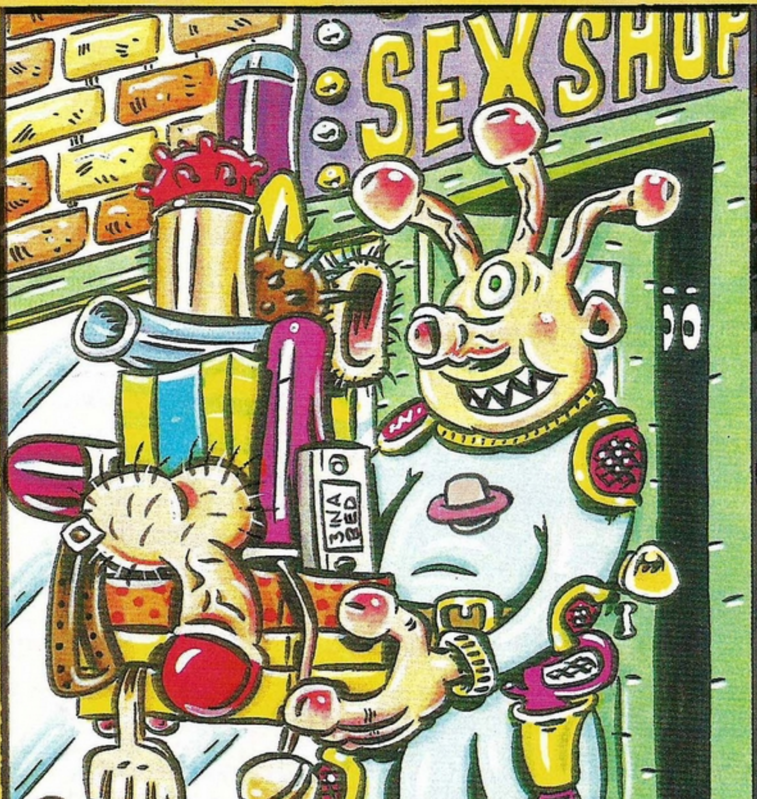

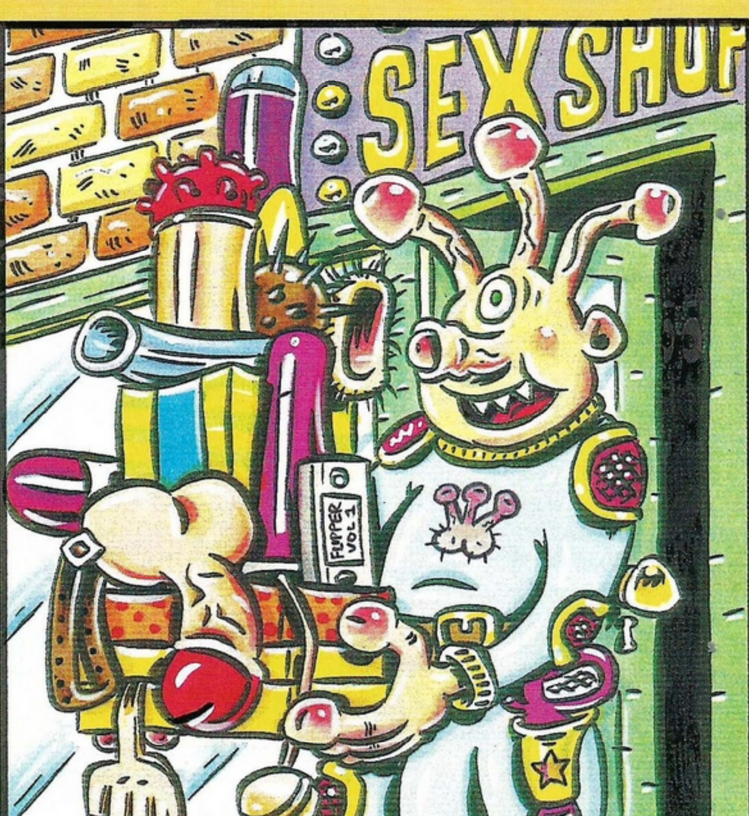

TRUE BLUE

Taylor Wayne

It will come as no surprise to all true-blooded Englishmen to know that one of the hottest US porn stars right now is a Brit. This is Taylor Wayne, a blonde and busty package all the way from Tyneside. A little over five feet tall and with a figure recently amplified by silicone to an incredible 42DD-24-35, in less than two years Taylor has sucked and fucked her way to major stardom. Her movies include *Dial 66 Lust*, *Another Dirty Western*, *Mirage*, *Dirty Debutantes 6* and *The Last Blonde*. With a typically dry Geordie sense of humour and a frank attitude towards sex, Taylor spoke to our regular man in a dirty raincoat – BILL WRIGHT.

BILL: ***So, Taylor, how did a nice girl like you get into the porn business?***

TAYLOR: "To make some money. At the time I was doing fuck-all in England."

BILL: ***But you used to model in England, right?***

TAYLOR: "Right, but only softcore. The joke was I wanted to be a topless model only, you know, Page 3, that kinda thing."

BILL: ***That's why we didn't see you regularly in mags like Knave or Fiesta (a scurrilous little magazine we don't talk about in the Knave offices – Ed).***

TAYLOR: "Uh huh … I was a regular in The Sunday Sport, did some advertising stuff, got published in a few mags…"

BILL: ***Now you and I both know how you first visited the States.***

TAYLOR: "Yes, you organised my trip to work for some of the Los Angeles-based glamour photographers."

BILL: ***That's right. But what happened after that?***

TAYLOR: "Well, I stayed on for a few months and got a room in a house belonging to a really nice girl called Roxanne. Turned out that she was a big porn star using the name 'Trinity Lorens'."

BILL: ***Oh yes, big and busty, been around since the early Eighties.***

TAYLOR: "Exactly. Well she and her husband Barry were wonderful to me. It turned out she had been an escort in London at one time … she introduced me to several people in the X-rated business including her porn star friends."

BILL: ***And so you started making movies?***

TAYLOR: "No, not for some time and not on that trip. I came back to Britain after having had a boob reduction…"

BILL: ***Did you say a reduction?***

TAYLOR: "Yes, I hated the shape of my breasts, but the operation was a mess, a total cock-up, leaving me with ugly scars. I was miserable, hated looking at my breasts and had to wear a bra all the time. Then my boyfriend and I parted, I didn't really have a place of my own, I was working at a chemists in Knightsbridge, so I tried hostessing at a West End club."

BILL: ***It didn't work out?***

TAYLOR: "It was just another bloody rip-off. You worked long hours pouring champagne down fat businessmen's throats only to find your wages at the end of the week wasn't what they promised. Some weeks the club couldn't even afford to pay us. It made me sick."

BILL: ***So that's when you went back to America?***

TAYLOR: "Yes. I hadn't any plans of what I was going to do but I knew Roxanne would always help me and I needed money desperately … I mean (chuckling), I couldn't do any worse than in fuckin' England. Actually, I missed my modelling and I'd come to realise that until I could get my breasts fixed it was largely a waste of time."

BILL: ***Was fucking on camera difficult for you at first?***

TAYLOR: "A little, but I've always enjoyed sex and I'm a natural actress sexually."

BILL: ***You knew how to fake an orgasm?***

TAYLOR: "Oh, for fuck's sake, just about every girl does … I mean, I'd had sex since my early teens. At one stage I'd worked for one of those sex number telephone chat lines, you know, the heavy

Horny 18yr old talks filthy 0338 405 577
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lick my wet pussy 0338 405 566
auntie needs shafting 0338 405 523
I'll toss you off 0338 405 544
bonk me-big boy 0338 405 573
take me from behind 0338 405 511
2 girls in ripped knickers 0338 405 530
I'll masturbate you to climax 0338 405 531
finger my shaven pussy 0338 405 520
neighbour licked me out 0338 405 543
2 girls 1 vibrator 0338 405 599
after 2 spurt action 0338 400 160
after 12 orgasmic action 0338 400 130
SPURT OVER MY BUM 0338 405 516
ORAL SEX Spurt in my face 0338 404 444
I'll talk dirty while you W**K 0338 405 528
Filthy dirty sordid 2 girl SEX 0338 405 572
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I'LL STRIP YOU W**K 0338 400 888
SUZI (20) SUCKS PAM (18) 0338 400 891
BLONDE [redacted] OLD NEEDS SHAFTING 0338 400 813
big boobed tit W**k 0338 400 943
Cum over my arse 0338 400 913
Do it to me doggystyle 0836 400 637
AFTER 12 STIFF DICK SPECIAL 0836 400 826
BONK ME OVER THE DESK 0836 400 740
Let's masturbate together 0338 400 741
AFTER 2 MOIST PUSSY ACTION 0338 400 821
SHAVEN MOIST PUSSY 0338 400 728
My fanny on your face 0338 400 983
W**K OVER ME 0338 400 873
ORAL SEX - CUM IN MY MOUTH 0338 400 635

CALLS CHARGED 36P PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE 48P AT ALL OTHER TIMES BESTRICH LTD PO BOX 1073 LONDON W2

breathers and blokes who want dirty conversations. Listening to men talk about kinky sex, and talking dirty back to them had been my daily job, so I was used to making up sexual..."

BILL: ***Repartee... ?***

TAYLOR: "Yes. Anyway, I like to hear a guy call me dirty names in bed, or tell him to 'Fuck me, harder'. It turns me on."

BILL: ***Let's talk about you sexually on-screen. Do you like females?***

TAYLOR: "Not really in my private life, no ... (giggling) I mean, a tongue's a tongue isn't it, especially if I'm getting paid for it."

BILL: ***You seem to have done several scenes in movies where you use a strap-on dildo. Are you into kinky sex?***

TAYLOR: "Not really. With girls I prefer to be in charge, to take control, instead of just lying on my back with my legs up in the air. Working in the X-rated business has made me more broad-minded generally, but I like putting wimpy guys in their place."

BILL: ***You prefer macho men?***

TAYLOR: "Well, not too macho in my private life. But I like a man who acts like a man."

BILL: ***What about age?***

TAYLOR: "That's not so important. I had one lover for years who was 20 years older than me. He was an ex-boxer. But the sexual chemistry was good."

BILL: ***Do you orgasm on-screen?***

TAYLOR: "It can happen but it's not that easy ... I mean the positions fuckin' directors want are usually the most uncomfortable and I need a guy who knows how to fuck properly."

BILL: ***You always seem a noisy fuck in videos...***

TAYLOR: (laughing) "So would you if you had a cock being shoved up you."

BILL: ***(laughing) You're probably right, but I don't intend to try it just yet ... But I am right in thinking you like a good, hard fuck?***

TAYLOR: "Absolutely."

BILL: ***Who are your favourite studs to work with?***

TAYLOR: "T.T. Boy, Tommy Byron, Ron Jeremy."

BILL: ***A lot of girls I've spoken to don't like Ron... They say he's too old, fat and he smells.***

TAYLOR: "Sure, he's got a fat tummy and (chuckling) you need to make sure he has had a bath, but he's a funny guy, gives incredible head, is a great actor – and has a massive dick."

BILL: ***How important is the acting to you?***

TAYLOR: "After a time it becomes the only thing that really interests you ... I mean, you tend to work with the same guys time and time again and, at the end of the day, a fuck is a fuck, so you look forward to a part you can develop."

BILL: ***You hadn't had any acting experience before you went to Hollywood?***

TAYLOR: "Right, apart from the verbal stuff at the chat line agency. But I've taken a stage school course out here and would like to get into regular movies. At least, that's one of my ambitions."

BILL: ***What's another?***

TAYLOR: "To marry rich."

BILL: ***You are, if I may say so, a very glamourous blonde and now, with the newly enlarged boobs, a very striking one. Do you enjoy the adulation of your fans?***

TAYLOR: "I love it. My fans are very important to me. I read all the letters they send me and correspond with several. They can buy signed pictures, used panties, that kinda thing ... ever since I can remember I've always enjoyed being noticed, I mean, what model doesn't? I love dressing provocatively and wearing clothes that emphasize my figure, so it's great at times to be treated like a big movie star."

BILL: ***Where can the fans meet you?***

TAYLOR: "At the big video conventions like the CES Show in Las Vegas. I also dance on the road, you know, do a striptease act all over the States."

BILL: ***And earn good money?***

TAYLOR: "For fuck's sake man, that's the reason I'm in this business. Look, I get at least $500 a scene and, with dancing around the country, which pays the best money, I can earn $15,000 a week. Not bad for an ex-shop assistant in Boots. Now I've got my own sports car and a really nice home."

BILL: ***What about your family?***

TAYLOR: "I like to keep my business and private lives separate, but one of the nice things about my stardom has been being able to help my parents financially and pay for them to visit me. They are working-class you know, good Tyneside Socialists."

BILL: ***What about AIDS and so on? Do the girls and guys normally try to keep themselves pretty germ-free?***

TAYLOR: "Absolutely. That's one of the good things about the business. I can also refuse to work with any guy I don't like and now everyone is supposed to have certificates showing they've been checked for Aids."

BILL: ***And facial come-shots, what do you think of those?***

TAYLOR: "As long as they don't splash me in the eyes. The fuckin' stuff stings..."

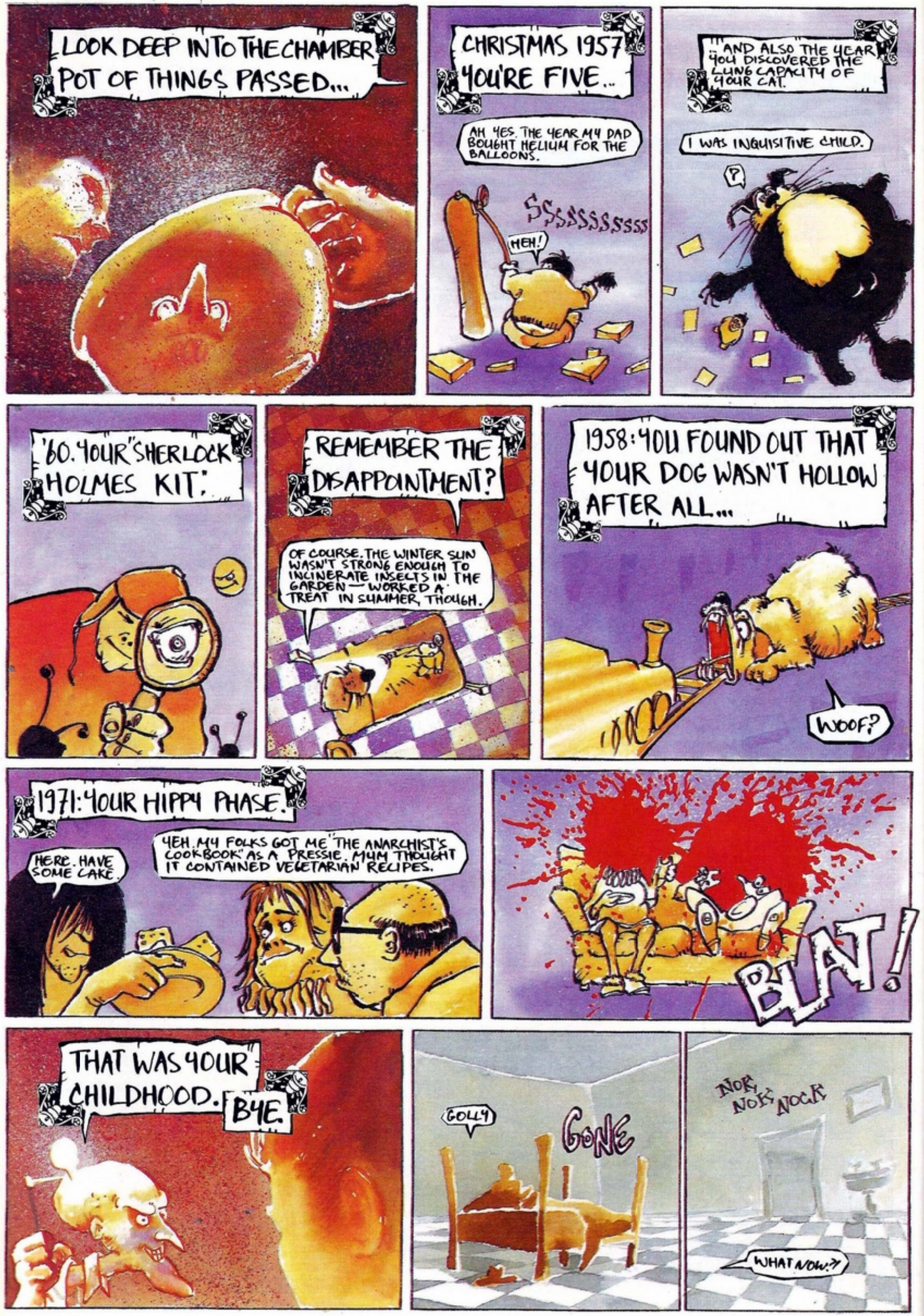
BILL: ***But you don't mind taking it all over your tongue?***

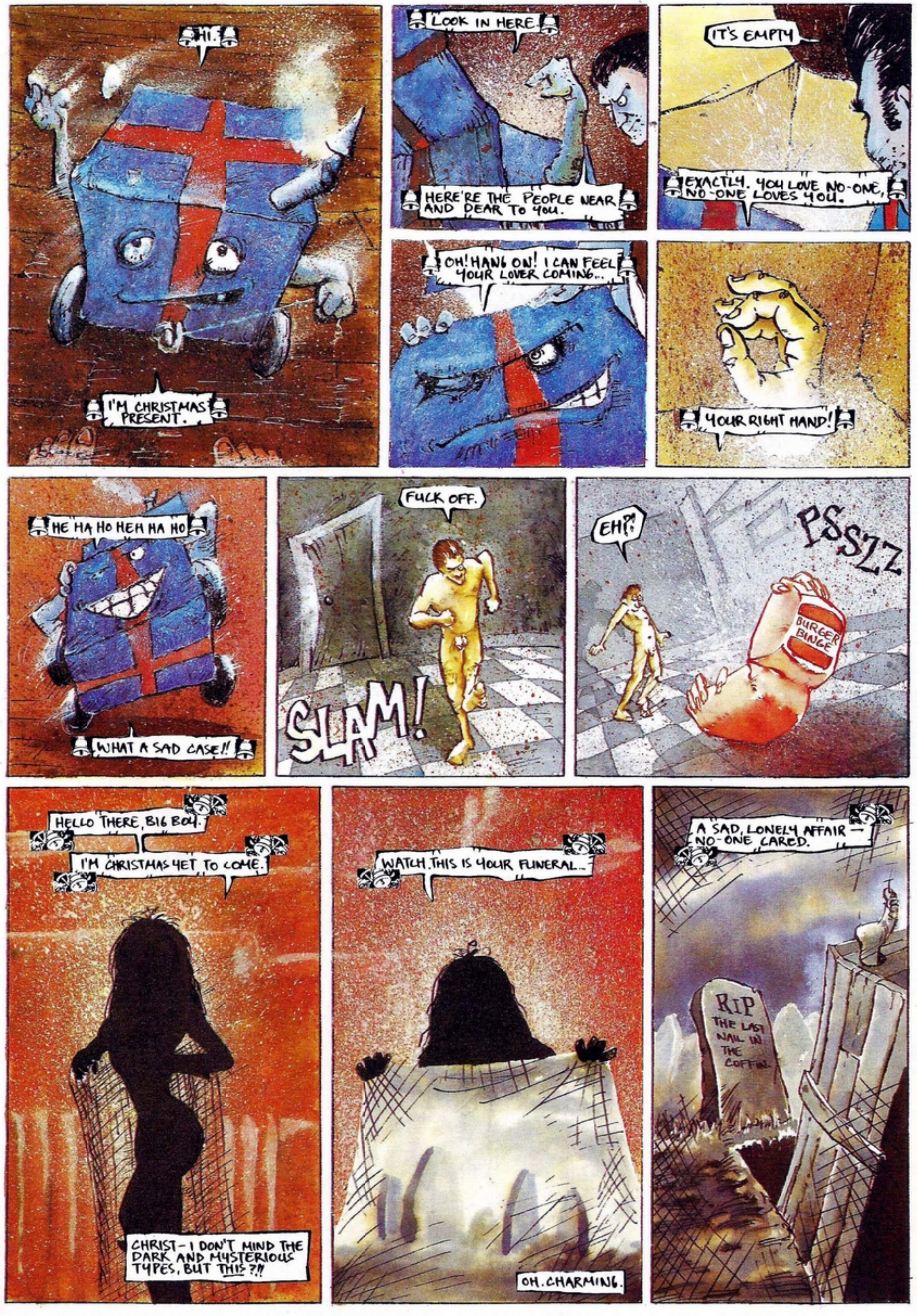
TAYLOR: "Oral sex is pretty natural isn't it? I mean, I like sucking a cock if it's a really nice one. Sure, I don't mind swallowing come, it's part of the job, isn't it?"

BILL: ***It sure is Taylor, thank goodness ... and best of luck for as long as you keep flying the British flag in Porndom.***

TAYLOR: "Thanks, Bill. Bye."

Continued from page 17


LOOK DEEP INTO THE CHAMBER POT OF THINGS PASSED...
CHRISTMAS 1957 YOU'RE FIVE...
AH YES. THE YEAR MY DAD BOUGHT HELIUM FOR THE BALLOONS.
SSSSSSSSSSS
HEH!
...AND ALSO THE YEAR YOU DISCOVERED THE LUNG CAPACITY OF YOUR CAT.
I WAS INQUISITIVE CHILD.
?
'60. YOUR "SHERLOCK HOLMES KIT."
REMEMBER THE DISAPPOINTMENT?
OF COURSE. THE WINTER SUN WASN'T STRONG ENOUGH TO INCINERATE INSECTS IN THE GARDEN — WORKED A TREAT IN SUMMER, THOUGH.
1958: YOU FOUND OUT THAT YOUR DOG WASN'T HOLLOW AFTER ALL...
WOOF?
1971: YOUR HIPPY PHASE.
HERE. HAVE SOME CAKE.
YEH. MY FOLKS GOT ME "THE ANARCHIST'S COOKBOOK" AS A PRESSIE. MUM THOUGHT IT CONTAINED VEGETARIAN RECIPES.
BLAT!
THAT WAS YOUR CHILDHOOD. BYE.
GOLLY
GONE
NOK NOK NOCK
WHAT NOW?!


HI.
I'M CHRISTMAS PRESENT.
LOOK IN HERE.
HERE'RE THE PEOPLE NEAR AND DEAR TO YOU.
IT'S EMPTY
EXACTLY. YOU LOVE NO-ONE, NO-ONE LOVES YOU.
OH! HANG ON! I CAN FEEL YOUR LOVER COMING...
YOUR RIGHT HAND!
HE HA HO HEH HA HO
WHAT A SAD CASE!!
FUCK OFF.
SLAM!
EH?!
PSSZZ
BURGER BINGE
HELLO THERE, BIG BOY.
I'M CHRISTMAS YET TO COME.
CHRIST - I DON'T MIND THE DARK AND MYSTERIOUS TYPES, BUT THIS?!!
WATCH. THIS IS YOUR FUNERAL.
OH. CHARMING.
A SAD, LONELY AFFAIR — NO-ONE CARED.
RIP THE LAST NAIL IN THE COFFIN

Confessions of a PORN DIRECTOR

Dividing his time between Europe and the United States our occasional contributor, Bill Wright, also works as a director of porno movies in Hollywood. Here he takes the lid off the pitfalls of directing and tells Knave how hard (no pun intended) it can be.

"Say that again and I'll smash your fuckin' face in, bitch!"

The speaker was a hot tempered little fireball called Sandy, my production assistant on a feature called Dirty Looks, a gem of a story (I say so with my usual modesty, since I wrote it myself!). It was all about a paralysed husband who liked to spy on other couples having sex, not to mention his nympho wife, and we were shooting in a house belonging to an ex-chief accountant at Walt Disney in Laurel Canyon, Los Angeles.

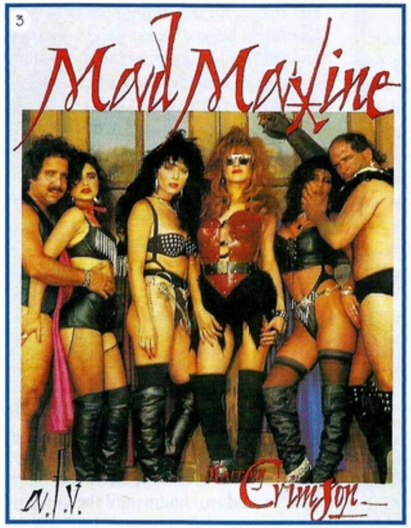
The person Sandy was addressing was porn star Madison, ex-punk and Southern volcano, who can best be described as 'sassy'. The two had hit it off really badly from the start of the day – some bitchy remarks about Sandy not doing her job properly – and afterwards I'd advised both ladies to keep their distance.

Now, at the end of a long and hot sex scene, physically exhausting for the crew as well as performers, we'd got our 'come shot', often referred to by old-time technicians still as 'the money shot', and wanted a five minute break. Madison, liberally coated in Tom Byron's spunk, grabbed a towel and headed for the bathroom; when yours truly, Prathead the director, opened his big mouth.

"Got everything you need, Maddy?" I yelled.

"Sure, thanks Bill," Madison replied, then added as an afterthought, "No thanks to that fuckin' production assistant." Sandy retorted with the remark at the top of the page and took a step closer to Madison. Madison came back with another "Fuck you!" reply, and took a step closer to Sandy. Prathead, the director, found himself caught physically in the crossfire with two hot-headed women on either side of him. Someone said another insulting remark and Madison's fist flew. I ducked (I'm stupid, but not that stupid), and Sandy crumpled to the ground. We hoisted her up to discover she had a rapidly swelling black eye and a missing tooth.

Now this is the middle of the day. I have three more sex scenes to get in the can before we can go home and, since anything can go wrong technically when you shoot video, and invariably does, I had to assert my control, and quickly. I hustled Sandy out, commiserating with her while my crew chuckled. Then I went to see Madison, who was taking a shower. I stuck my head round the screen as she soaped her cute little ass, and somehow I just couldn't muster up the strength to be angry with her. After all, it had been a rather superb punch, and she was my leading lady…



Unfortunately, unbeknown to me, my sound guy was Sandy's deeply macho boyfriend and, overhearing my conversation with Madison, decided I was not being supportive enough of his lady. Thus, harbouring his grudge, he vanished at the end of the day with some of the shoot tapes.

Now one thing you don't do in Hollywood – at least if you want to live – is walk off with a porno producer's money or an unfinished movie. It took me 24 frantic hours to discover who had pinched the tapes and another day to get him to give them up. At the end of it all I was exhausted…

Most of us like to get a little rush of adrenaline somehow in our lives – maybe it's watching your team score from the terraces, hang-gliding or hurtling down Mont Blanc on skis. With me, it's shooting porno. If, as I do, you specialise in features, especially in the USA, each little movie with its five to six required sex scenes and dialogue, running to between 60 and 90 minutes, is shot in a day. You are thus presented with a nightmare calendar of events: various members of the cast turn up late, someone lets you down completely, you haven't got enough power for your lights and camera, bulbs blow, guys can't get it up/guys can't come. A day planned as eight or nine hours stretches away to 16+ …

One wonderful eccentric, a millionaire real estate developer (whom I sneakily admire since, despite the fact that he is now in his 60's, he keeps a roll-file on his desk with nothing but pictures of all the Playboy centrefolds he has fucked in 30 years) welcomed us into his home to start a day's shoot last summer just as ex-porn star, turned director, Herschel Savage and his crew

Confessions of a PORN DIRECTOR

were leaving. Poor Herschel had had so many problems on his first directorial effort, Dances With Foxes, that the shoot had lasted 24 hours without a break!

Yes, I'm glad to say I'm not the only director to suffer problems. Usually, my casts give good performances and I try to avoid prima-donnas like the plague. The two golden rules are (1). Does the girl really enjoy sex? If not, then the chances are it will look dead on-screen. (2). Can she improvise with dialogue? Very few of the girls are trained actresses (though a rarity, like Tracy Adams, who sucks cock like a dream and can learn a page of dialogue after two quick read-throughs, is a joy). Some of the starlets might be exceptionally beautiful, but too much cocaine and California sun are a dangerous combination in young women not normally noted for their intelligence.

Savannah, perhaps the hottest star right now, acts like a cute blonde doll and looks the perfect bimbo. Her hobby – this is self-confessed – is fucking rock stars (come on now, every girl is entitled to some hobby). Earning $5000 a movie from the company she is under contract to, (remember she earns this in a day), the deal includes her own, very special, sports car. Not long ago, a whole crew of technicians and fellow performers had to be sent home from a shoot when Miss Savannah didn't show. Her reason for not turning up? Overnight her car stereo was burgled and the incident upset her so much she couldn't be bothered to work next day (or phone to let anyone know).

If there are guys reading this who think they can fuck better than the stars they see in the movies, my reply is, "You probably can." My first big shock in Hollywood was discovering how lousy the guys are. A few, like Peter North, Tom Byron and T T Boy, are rock-hard studs who demand the best rates (between $250 and $500 a scene), but most of the other guys are lucky to get the work. So why do producers keep booking the same old faces? Because they are cheap. Producers usually prefer to save their money, while the crew and some poor girl (who is sucking the guy's cock as if her life depended on it) wait around two hours until the guy's stiff, rather than get a better stud who is always rock-hard.

I once saw Peter North, generally considered to be the best-looking porno guy in the business (and, after ten years, also one of the most modest I've met), help a director get a difficult camera shot by using his superb athlete's body to wank himself almost to orgasm, then somersault over a girl, squirting a dollop of cum right on her eager tongue, and land back on his feet. Now that is a sexual performer!

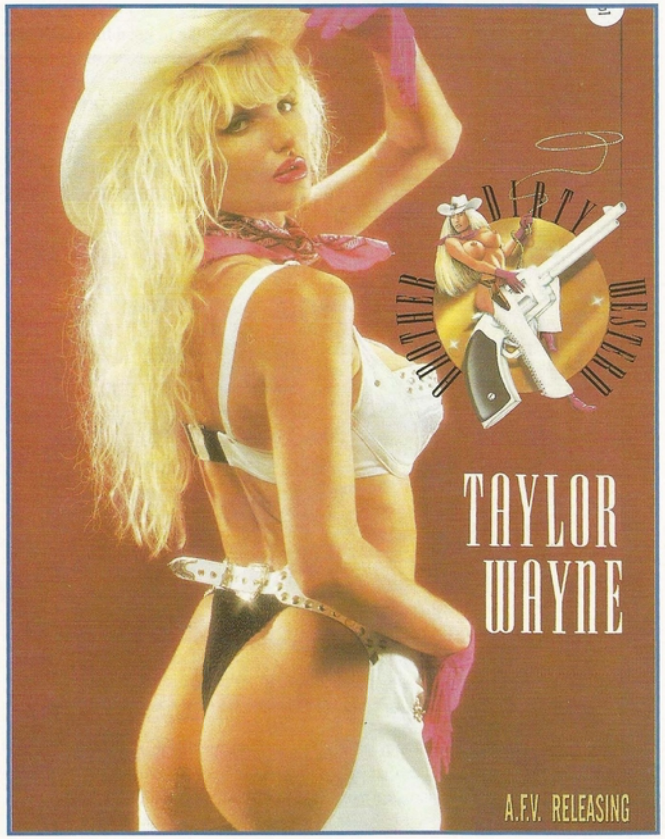
But whatever the problems, the fun part is you get to make a movie. Okay, okay, so it's not exactly Gone With The Wind, but it's still a little story, with sex and acting, a mixture of lust and drama, and you've turned the whole thing out in a day. Sometimes, a decent producer will give you enough money to spend two or three days shooting and then you can aim for a feature you are proud of, but your problems increase with the budget.

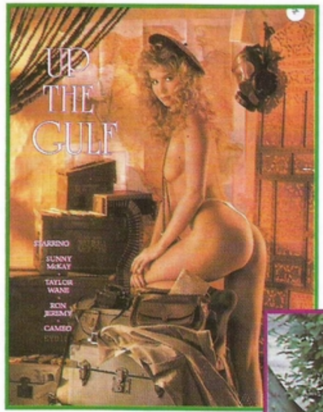
Sometimes you surprise yourself. Lusting London Style, which VCA have just released to rave reviews, was shot on location. I had vowed that I'd never add to my problems by doing a feature in England (though problems really come if you sell porn in Britain, the law being interested in sex for gain), but this used a French/US cast for US release only. During the climatic orgy, the make-up girl yelled, "I don't want to bother you Bill, but there's a crowd of guys standing in the street, about 20 of 'em, and they're looking up at the house." Sure enough, a few minutes later there was a bang at the door.

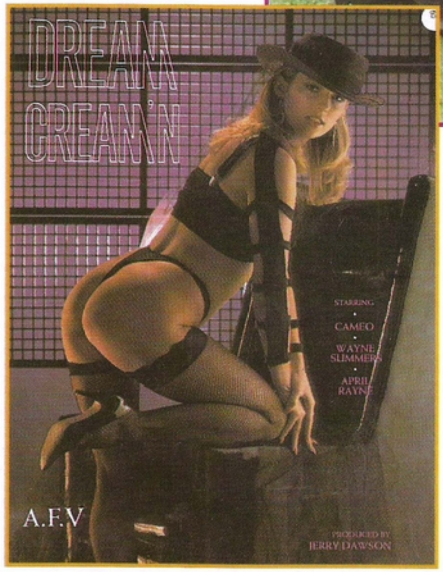
My production assistant, Simon, opened it a crack and a voice said, "We know what's going on in there. Give us some money or we'll tell the cops." "Fuck off!" was Simon's quick response as he slammed the door shut … everyone settled down and we went back to filming the orgy.

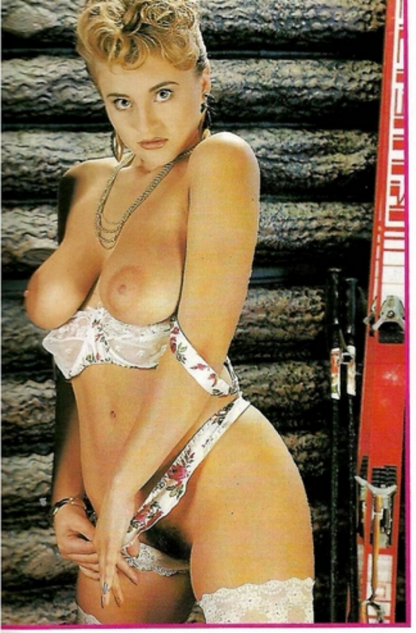
"Bill," it was the make-up girl again, "I don't want to worry you, but the guys outside have grown to about 40 now and two police cars have just pulled up!" I have never seen people move so fast in my life! A flurry of naked and half-naked bodies threw themselves under beds, into cupboards or stood shock-still. The camera crew tried to look as if all the lights, cables and other technical melange was nothing to do with them, and as if they had wandered in accidentally from the street to watch the Test Match on telly.

A loud London Bobby knock was heard at the door. The production assistant was prodded by me to open it. He did so, but before he could speak the officer said quickly, "Sorry to disturb you, sir, but there's some lads out here creating a disturbance. Don't you worry about anything. We'll move the buggers on." With that he turned and left … and we, somewhat shakily, resumed our orgy. Who says the British Police aren't wonderful?

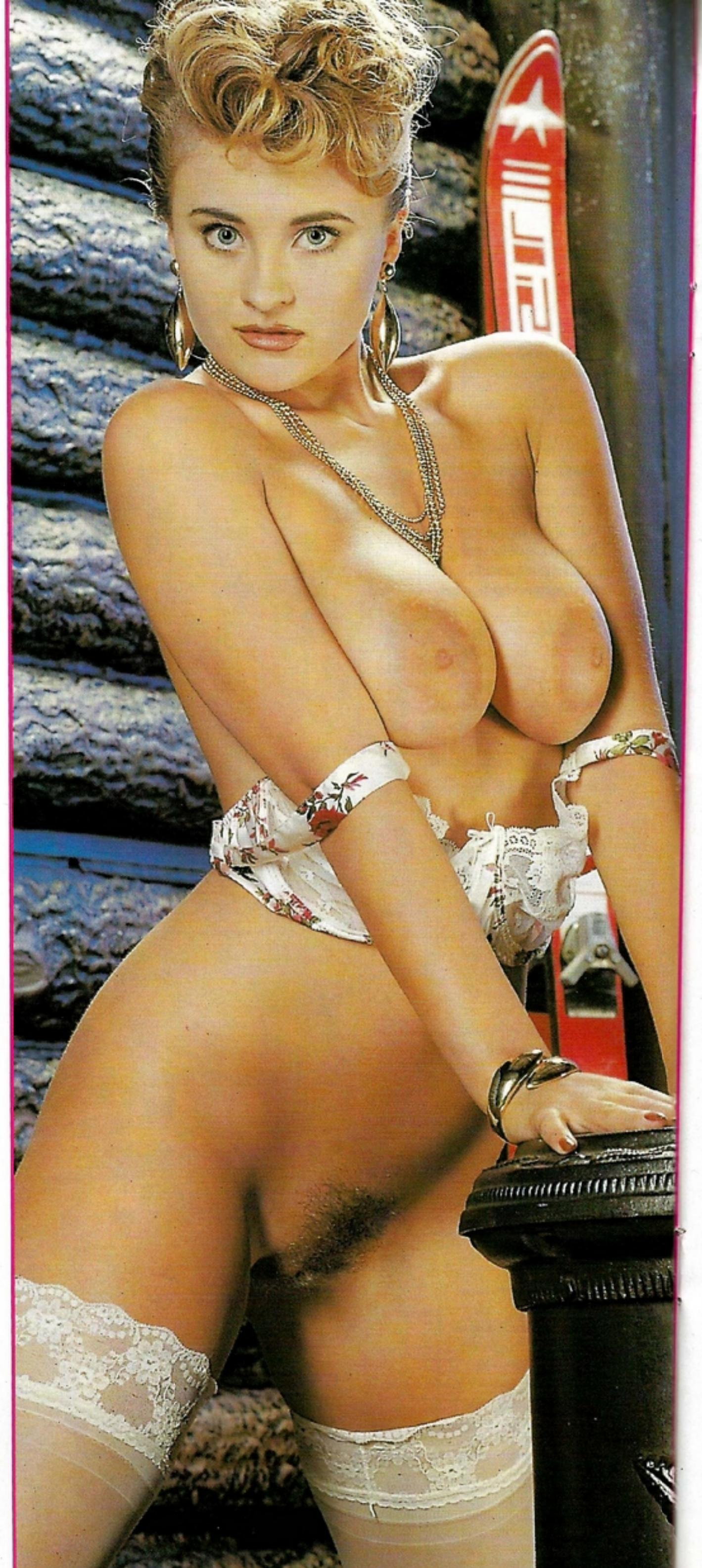








I dunno, you go out on the piste with a nice girl like Alexia, and end up getting stuck in a ski lodge with her over Christmas.How was I to know that there were going to be blizzard conditions in the area? True, I did listen to the weather report, but if I'd known that I was going to be trapped alone with Alexia on a mountain in a week-long blizzard, you can be sure I wouldn't have gone skiing. Honest. It was so cold before we got the fire going. Just as well we had a sleeping bag to huddle together in, really. Pity there's only the one; I just don't plan ahead, do I? What a terrible way to spend Christmas...stuck with a naked Alexia. Doh, just my luck, I suppose...



PENPOWER PLUS

▸63

return home late after a session with each of them separately. She would crawl under the covers naked and rub her soaking fanny over my chest and rotate her wet lips and let her juice and the remnants of her lovers spunk drip on to me - this was a real instant turn on and I was soon ready to give her another hard shafting to refill her twat. Then she would gradually slide down on to my prick and ride me until I filled her fanny for the third time that night screaming through her orgasms as I pumped her hard with my tool which had been waiting for the treatment for so long.

Jane loves going to parties and dancing with other guys until they are left in no doubt that she wants screwing badly. She often dances with no knickers so that she can get a good fingering in a dark corner. She does this regularly without even talking to the guy. If there is a chance she has a good hard fucking session in a bedroom upstairs with the guy and has managed to get more than one lover on occasions when she has been dancing with two men at a time. When she has had her fanny spunked in we go home and normally screw in the back of the car before we even get home. Sometimes she takes all her clothes of and lies in the back seat masturbating with a dildo which she keeps in the car while she recounts her fucking earlier in the evening. These sessions are major turn ons for us both and normally end in all night screwing bouts.

Recently a guy who lives two doors down the road has started to have an affair with her and when we can we go out together for dinner and either she goes off with him for an all night fucking or usually we go back to his house and we take her in turns. Jane loves it when I lie underneath her and lick her cunt while she is on all fours while John takes her from behind. He has quite a demanding girlfriend himself so he often lasts a long time and he can nearly satisfy Jane's large appetite for fucking and wanking. If he has had a good time with his girlfriend he just uses Jane's big dildo on her and I watch while she goes through countless orgasms.

I would like to explain that Jane has always had a yearning to try out sex with another beautiful and sexy girl so we found out about a rather exclusive club which one of Jane's men belong to and he treated us both to an evening there. Jane was very excited about the planned visit and for several nights before the big night Jane used your excellent magazine and her vibrator to imagine the evening ahead. Jane dressed in a long black silk evening dress which she had split at the sides and she wore the slightest pair of knickers. Jane's lover picked us both up and drove us to the private club at a country house where a party was in full swing.

There were some stunning women there but Jane still drew many admirers but she was not interested in the men tonight and disappeared with a drink while I chatted up some of the gorgeous girls. Later on I went through to the one of the discos and after adjusting to the darkness spotted Jane dancing with a very beautiful girl. A slow dance started and the two girls moved together and started kissing in a way that was very natural and indicated that they had already done so before. At the end of the dance Jane introduced me to Susie and said that they wanted me to watch them make love. I was very turned on and followed them to a dimly lit room with a fire flickering in a large marble fireplace. I sat in a large leather chair and watched the two girls undress each other on a rug in front of the fire.

Susie made Jane stretch out and she set about kissing her entire body ▸84

FINAL SCORE

Surveys are dangerous things, since they can often contain misleading information garnered from a minimal number of members of the public. But a survey of survey answers provides you with a much larger cross-section to work with and produces some surprising answers. This one covers many of the largest sex surveys conducted over the past 20 years.

1. 50% of the women surveyed said that they had had affairs with married men.
2. 50% of the men questioned found pregnant women extremely sexy.
3. 40% of women taking part in the surveys said that they faked orgasm regularly.
4. 3% of the men surveyed said that they have sex so they won't be alone.
5. 90% of men studied said they enjoyed performing and receiving oral sex.
6. 33% of men questioned said they would like it more if their partners were more experimental during sex.
7. 30% of men in the surveys said they had worried about the size of their penises at some time.
8. 81% of men questioned performed cunnilingus on their lovers and 70% of their female partners enjoyed it.
9. 17% of women in the various surveys had had group sex.
10. 72% of men questioned who had been married for more than two years had been unfaithful.

Weirdsville

NEWS FROM DOWN UNDER
A proposal before the Tasmanian parliament would require MPs to be ejected if they call others such names as 'liar' during a debate. Among other epithets recorded during recent sessions are 'lout', 'dumbcluck', 'gutless windbag' and 'great big slob'.

HOLY RELICS
Among the many religious artefacts on sale in the USA: for $15.00 plus $3.00 postage and packing the Honolulu firm of Hookumu Marketing offers a colour poster depicting 'Jesus the Surfer', while Medewar's Jewellers of Grand Rapids, Michigan, sells 'The Last Supper Talking Clock'. 'Every hour a disciple announces his name and tells the time, followed by the words of Our Lord Jesus. For example, 'I am Peter, the time is 12 o'clock....love one another....' Soft music follows.'

NUT CASE
Eladio Castillo, 65, was arrested in Raleigh, North Carolina, after killing seven pigeons that were beating him to the peanuts being thrown to them by tourists.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICANS
In a biology class exercise in Odessa, Missouri, High School, students dissected kittens, removed their intestines, tied them together and used them as skipping ropes.

Researchers at Georgia Tech Research Institute, Atlanta, paid volunteers $15 per session to fall down a flight of stairs so that they could make videos to study how a body falls.

ROBERT HAMM, 73, FELL INTO THE DUSTBIN ON HIS FRONT PORCH IN ROCHESTER, NEW YORK, GOT STUCK AND WAS FOUND DEAD SEVERAL DAYS LATER. A NEIGHBOUR SAID THAT SHE HAD SEEN HIM WAVING FROM THE BIN, BUT HAD NOT REALISED HE WAS IN DISTRESS.

HE WOULDN'T TAKE 'NO' FOR AN ANSWER
A man shot Mariama Gonzalez, 27, in the head four times in a Dallas nightclub after she had continually declined his invitation to dance.

BEASTLY QUESTIONS
A recent controversy in Dallas over whether an open lesbian could become a police officer exposed the extent of information demanded of applicants to city jobs. The application form asks if they have had sexual intercourse with a 'member of the same sex' since the age of 15, and whether they have had sex 'with an animal or fowl' since the age of 17.

FAIR ENOUGH
According to the Ann Arbor News, a man walked into a Burger King restaurant at 7.50 in the morning and demanded cash at gunpoint. The cashier said he could not open the till without a food order, so the robber placed an order for onion rings. When the cashier told him that onion rings were not available at breakfast, the man left without further argument.

Alexia

Photographed by AUSTIN LEGREW

ANNIE

Photographed by PETER FLODQUIST

Annie will kill me for showing you these pictures. No doubt about it. These days, she's a slim sex-bomb with a husky voice and a wicked glint in her eyes. But not so long ago, she was a soft, pouty little thing. She begged me not to use these pictures, you know how vain women are - but I insisted. I happen to know that loads of you are big, big fans of Annie and want to see how she looked then as well as how she looks now. Well here you are. Just don't blame me if Annie never speaks to us again!

Alexia

KNAVE

CARLA

I'm printing this set as a Christmas present to me, from me. You see, I was so taken with Carla's sultry Latin looks and perfectly rounded rear that I just had to have a picture of her to stick on the wall. Since the company wouldn't let me have a big poster of her knocked up, I suggested we compromise and publish the pictures, thus giving you, our loyal readers, a chance to enjoy her, too. And they fell for it, the suckers. So take a long, hard look at the Editor's fave girl this month. I may be flighty and have a different favourite each month, but you can't fault my taste in women, can you?

Photographed by MICHAEL PRICE

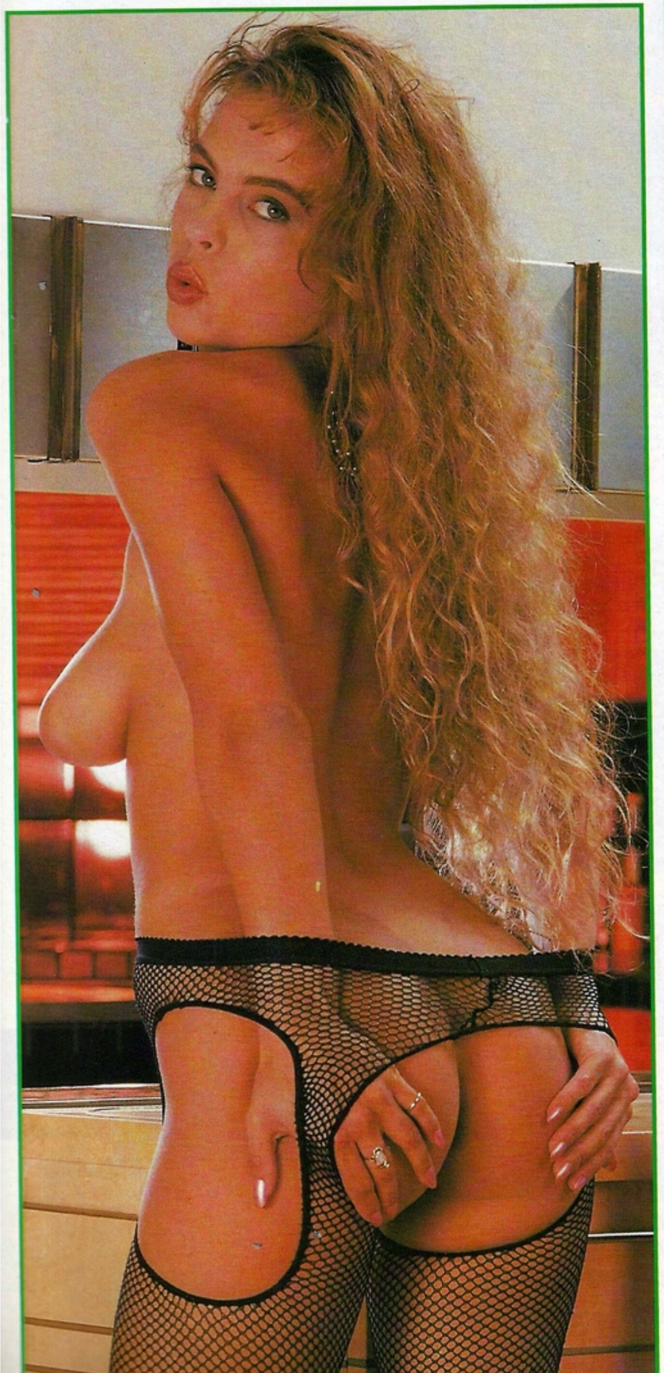
Danielle & Marsha

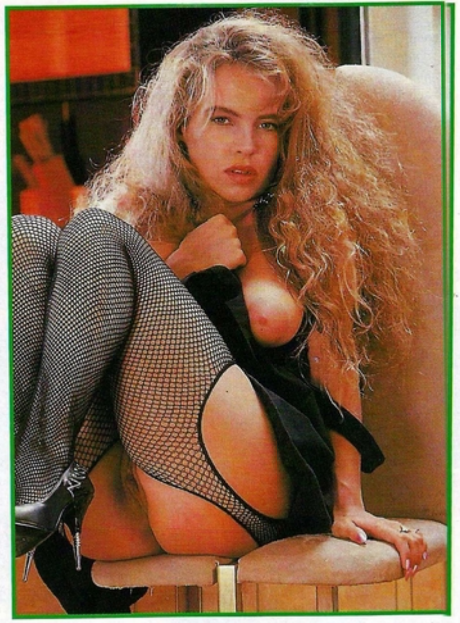
It's been a while since we saw either of these ladies, and we've certainly never seen them together like this. If getting all dolled up in leather and parading around with your bits hanging out is your kind of thing, then these gals are for you. I wouldn't say they were true exhibitionists, but they could certainly show you a trick or two in the privacy of your own trousers. You'd just have to make sure they removed all the sharp studs before the three of you got too friendly!

Photographed by **ULF STJEMBO**

Destiny

Photographed by HUEY LOUIS





Destiny, as she calls herself, has done something awful to me. I never used to like fishnet stockings - they always looked silly on me - but when I caught a gander of Destiny in these all in one stockings and suspenders, it changed my life. Fishnets are the blurbists friend, you can 'reel' out tired old cliches about Destiny being our catch of the day, falling for things hook, line and sinker, or even ask if her thighs are dolphin friendly. But not me, no sir. I'm a changed man now. The only thing I'm interested in is showing Destiny my cod piece...

danMark 2

Jill

There are many things in life more pleasant than Christmas, and one of them is the prospect of spending a night on a rug with Jill, here. Luckily, I'm now not allowed to think about things like that thanks to a surgically inserted mind control system, which ensures that my mind stays firmly on the job. Or off it, as the case may be. The company bought it for me for Christmas, but had it installed early so that I could reap the benefits at all the debauched parties we attend during the Festive season. No longer will I be seen chatting with models or engaged in acts so heinous that proclivity prevents me from discussing them here. Nope, I'll be the sober guy at the end of the bar discussing projected sales figures and Christmas pudding...and every time a model winks at me, 1000 volts of leccy will shoot from my head down the leg of my trousers. It's almost as good as the real thing!

aphed by JAMES FREEMAN

PENPOWER PLUS

5

that I reckon overwhelmed him during teenage years.

Stephanie was our next door neighbour. A very sultry looking and fun loving petite brunette, she was a hot assed little contrast to my blonde appeal with Noel. She was also proving too sexy for Colin to handle. I could tell the signs, Steph going off with girlfriends to discos, dressed in this very randy pair of leather hot pants. The hang dog expression on Colin's face said it all too. Stephanie was a natural cock tease, she probably couldn't fail to attract very big men, and Colin's morale was suffering. It was probably time to set her extra marital fucking on an organised plane, so at least hubby could feel the needs were being met and there was no need to walk out!

We chatted over coffee one afternoon and Stephanie was so fascinated with my fucking, and giving her old man the chance to screw part time, wank part time, that she agreed to join me that night. I told Danny that pics were now on the cards and he was delighted, even though his mate Colin would perhaps have to adapt to the new ways of getting his load off. Steph came around with me to Noel's dressed in the slinkiest basque, stockings and classic 'little black dress' that I'd ever saw. She exuded sexual attraction from every pore and Noel was well pleased. Now we were a pair of his bitches he said, it was time to get the pair of us in training for his mates. Wives were so attractive to large cocked stars, and if we trained up nice, we'd be full of cock most nights, and ready with pics for Danny and Colin. I admit to feeling a tinge jealous as Stephanie began to peel off her dress, revealing the lacy treats she offered him underneath. The tight basque, fringed with elegant lace and delicious stocking straps, suited her beautifully. The single string of pearls, her bushy minge peeping from below the snug underwear, accentuated her classy stroll to the bed where I'd taken Noel's cock so often.

I wasn't a professional with the camera, but it was compulsive viewing, and I did take a good mix of scenes, trying to anticipate just how hot they'd make Colin feel. Pictures of Noel covering her, sliding in that superlative rhythm of his, grimacing as his knob head sunk in deep, were pretty impressive. Steph had her legs very high and the closeups, of his prick jammed into her slit, were a wonderful fleshy contrast, muscle and succulent wet cunt! Noel had got her creaming beautifully, surfing on the edge of a hot fanny mega climax, before he stepped up the strokes and finished her off with a majestic burst that had her writhe beneath him, grasping at his neck, kissing his chest, his arms, just anything she could reach!

Noel was very pleased, and told her he wanted her dressed very haughty, lots of lacey underwear and pearls, a flash bracelet or watch on her wrist, and lashings of expensive perfume. Was she ready to take cock to his command? Yes, she most certainly was, and to get Colin to stump up the funds so she could become Noel's sex toy! Noel was warming to the prospects and told me that that night I was to act very much like a cheap tart. It was time I wore my blonde tresses in bunches, and wore some nice sexy leather

29

JOKER

Have you heard about the gorgeous beauty with a stunning hour-glass figure? She slaps her boyfriend's face every time he puts his arm around her 9.15.

◆

Have you heard about the nudists who never go out on flagdays?

JOKER

"I thought it about time he had something he could grow into."

Weirdsville

GOVERNMENT IN ACTION
Warden Jerry Gilmore of the Henry C. Hill Correctional Center in Galesbury, Illinois, was criticised for spending $180 of his budget on six skateboards for inmates' use.

The US Air Force recently ordered 173 specially-made fax machines from Litton Industries — at a cost of $421,000 (£224,000) each. It rejected a $15,000 model built to the same specification because it was capable only of newspaper-quality, rather than magazine-quality reproduction.

Rhode Island tax administrator Gary Clark has ruled that the Rosengate witches' coven is entitled to tax-exempt status.

Instead of banning dirty words on car licence plates, the Kansas Senate proposed allowing them provided they were rendered virtually invisible being no more than an eighth of an inch high. The bill's sponsor, however, lost enthusiasm when it was pointed out that before it could become law, he would have to specify precisely which dirty words were covered.

The last government of former Czechoslovakia organized a striptease show for foreign visitors to Prague, only to discover that the previous government had authorized only two women in the entire country to work as strippers. One of them was located and brought out of retirement, but she was so out of practice that she was tired out after performing for just a few minutes.

OOPS!
Seven people were killed in eastern Nigeria when two small buses collided. As both drivers leaned out of their windows to try to slap the other's hand, they lost control of their vehicles.

YOON NO YOON, 31, WHO ALLEGEDLY TRIED TO RAPE A FEMALE CLASSMATE AT A MALIBU COLLEGE, CUT OFF A FINGER A FEW DAYS LATER AND OFFERED IT TO HER BY WAY OF AN APOLOGY.

ODD ENDS
Eric Christopher Williams, 18, crawled onto a conveyor belt at the factory where he worked in Rock Hill, North Carolina, in order to retrieve the head of a broom that had become detached. He was promptly conveyed into a giant paper-shredding machine and shredded to death.

There's something about Joanna that inevitably leads photographers to pose her on beds. Whether this is some subconscious effort on the part of the snappers, we don't know. But lets' face it, you'd be a very strange guy if you didn't have some sort of wicked thought about Joanna and a bed. Hell, we did it ourselves at the beginning of the year in Vol. 24 No. 1, when Joanna visited us and demanded satin sheets and a big four poster. We obliged, and she stunned us all with her knowledge of bedioptary (the study of beds and bedding). Over a cup of Old Howes' Earl Grey tea, we discussed the merits of beds and bedding and Joanna confessed to a love of waterbeds and their 'weak lager' quality. "Huh?" we chorused. "Fucking close to water!" she replied. Well, there's no answer to that, is there?

Photographed by
GEOFF HOWES

Large-chested ladies aren't uncommon, but large-chested ladies whose proportions border on the preposterous are few and far between. Take Kay, for example. There she is, pretending to wrap those chains around her enormous bosom, when we all know that nothing could contain something quite that massive. What's more, they could easily be seen on your local high street next year, as Kay and her chest will be visiting the UK for a short holiday. Because of the cost of trans-Atlantic flights, Kay will be coming over Economy class and her breasts will be travelling in the cargo hold...oh, to be a baggage handler!

Kay

Photographed by DON SPARKS

PEN POWER PLUS

◀29

group of them are fastidious about pussy and share so as to limit outside influences. What a randy thought, we were servicing exclusively, five raunchy, super studs, wise to the alternative risks of generally fucking around!

– M & S., Bury

Physical

I don't suppose you'll ever see college courses advertised to help a girl develop a career in glamour or sex. Not that I'm proposing a University for hookers, you understand! It's just that a lot of girls could live a very comfortable, extremely sexy life if they thought about their attributes a bit more seriously. For instance, there's escort agency work, smart restaurants, top theatres and very posh guys. Then there's the time honoured role of the mistress; I'd never sell my body for money, but there is a distinction when you're kept as a person, a lady who turns the guy on silly! What you lack in wages of the flesh you more than make up for in terms of trips out, up-market clothes and the best jewellery that pennies can buy!

My name's Wendy and I am a 23 year old married woman, a mistress to another man, and the sort of lady who wouldn't now ever dream of working as such. My figure (36-24-34) and innocent looks are a passport to a very good life, and Roger, my husband, says it's about time your readers got to share in the news. Let me say right off, Roger's a sweetheart. He doesn't fuss over Blake, or the amount of time that I'm away. That can be several months a year, trotting off to the Med or the States. Roger got over the idea of my fucking with another man calmly. It was daft to do otherwise, Roger reckons. I've never said I love Blake – with us, it's a physical, passion thing. I go with Blake because he's as horny as hell, very attentive and more than able to dress and adorn me in a way that gets Roger pretty hard, too.

GOLD
FRANKINCENSE
MYRRHHHH!

It all started when Roger agreed to me doing some escort agency work. It was an above board operation, with dinner dates and theatre trips, and no fucking as an added extra. The gentlemen often wanted sex, and yes, they gave you gorgeous pressies with a wistful look in their eyes, but back then I wasn't dropping my panties. Roger was used to the effect I had on other men, so he was pretty cool if I told him about things. It was fine to tease, but I'm too posh to ever be a prostitute, and he wasn't into pimping.

When Blake came along though, my head was turned. He's in his late 40's, with a good tan and extremely distinguished, very sexy looks. For an older guy he's got a great body, and plays a lot of squash and tennis. I was going to a lot of dinners with Blake and he had the hots for me, he'd said so. He wanted to set me up in a flat down in the South of France, but I told him I was married. My pussy was watering over this handsome guy, though, so I eventually asked Roger how he would feel if I went with Blake properly – just occasionally. He was okay about it, but it was never to be a money thing, so I told Blake that although I'd become his mistress, he wouldn't be allowed to 'keep me', and

▶62

JOKER

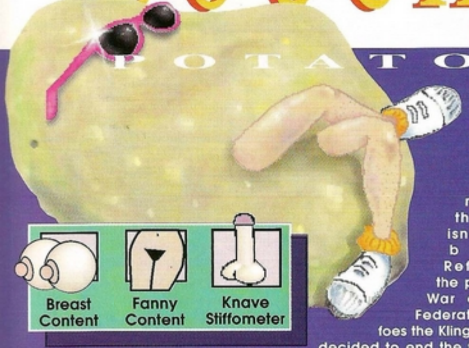
Definition of 'fourplay': Another name for wife-swapping.

What's the similarity between a man after an orgasm and the girl he's on top of? They both want to get off.

The Post Office have decided to bring out a new set of stamps to commemorate the world's oldest profession . . . It will cost 24p to buy, and another £50.00 to lick!

JOKER

COUCH POTATO



A mixture of the weird, the wacky, and the wily this month, and one perennial favourite that manages to be all three! Comedian Chevy Chase is the weirdest, as a highflying stockbroker who unwittingly gets in the way of a scientific accident in MEMOIRS OF AN INVISIBLE MAN *(PG, Warner Home Video)*. The result is a see-through body to go with his transparent personality and, when nasty intelligence agent Sam Neill decides he could benefit the military, Chevy vanishes into the night. Directed by John Carpenter, the effects are excellent, the humour consistent, and even the love-story with Daryl Hannah doesn't flab in the middle. Grab it before it disappears from the shelves.

Meanwhile, in a galaxy far, far away, the crew of the starship Enterprise are still boldy going where most people feel they shouldn't in STAR TREK VI (*PG, CIC*), and the good news is that this isn't half bad. Reflecting the post-Cold War era, the Federation's old foes the Klingons have decided to end the fight now that they've been ecologically devastated. Kirk still hasn't forgiven them for killing his son in Star Trek IV, so when a rogue alien frames Kirk and Bones for killing the Klingon chancellor, the two are despatched to an inhospitable prison asteroid. Can their wrinkly shipmates get out of their bath-chairs to rescue them, and prevent another assassination at the peace talks? You betcha! Nostalgia freaks sign here.

On the subject of political murders, the JFK controversy has had two shots in the arm recently. First with Oliver Stone's epic, and now with RUBY (*15, Columbia Tristar)*. The brilliant Danny Aiello plays sleazy Dallas night-club owner Jack Ruby, an ex-Chicago mobster trying to get back in with his pals. After eagerly taking a 'job' in Havana, he learns that a bigger one is being planned for the President. You're still left to make up your own mind as to why he shot Oswald, but it's an absorbing study. Keep a good eye, too, on gorgeous Sherilyn Fenn's twin peaks as a sexy stripper who brings matters to a head for both Ruby and JFK...

If you *really* want to reach rock-bottom, then Jason Patric and Jennifer Jason Leigh can show you the way in the tough, uncompromising thriller RUSH (*18, Warner Home Video*). They play undercover narcotics agents, trying to bust a big drug network headed by ex-Cher-lover Gregg Allman (*and he's a big dude!)* The cops make the mistake of getting high on their supply and each other in their attempt to keep their cover, and the line is eventually blurred between the good and bad guys. Sometimes too painful to watch, this true story is still an absorbingly raw slice of life.

Which must make Wayne and Garth in WAYNE'S WORLD *(PG, CIC)* the rind of life, as they are so far on the edge as to be practically Klingons. This utterly out-to-lunch spin-off from the "SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE" TV show has Mike Myers and Dana Carvey as two heavy metal freaks running a cable TV show from the basement of Wayne's home. When smarmy TV executive Rob Lowe seduces the boys onto prime time television with loads of dosh, *and* makes a play for Wayne's babelicious girlfriend Tia Carrere, it's time for some most excellent revenge. Howl with laughter, then turn to the other channel – NOT!

And if you think *that's* weird, how about a house full of ghostly, naked studs, just waiting to take very physical advantage of the stunningly nubile girls who've moved in? Such is the sizzling scenario in Max Scandinavia's SWEET LITTLE SISTER, which stars reigning American porn queen Savannah, who gives a new meaning to the phrase goose-bumps. The bodies are hot and the quality as impressive as ever in this six-pack

8 8 8

▶84

Lucy

Lucy grew up on a ranch in Texas where she developed her taste for riding, and I don't know about you, but she had us all chewing at the bit when we saw these shots from Jack Harrison. I think we all know what they say about girls who ride horses, don't we? Fancy a bit of horseplay? Well, just take care - remember what happened to Catherine The Great...

Photographed by: JACK HARRISON

Lynn

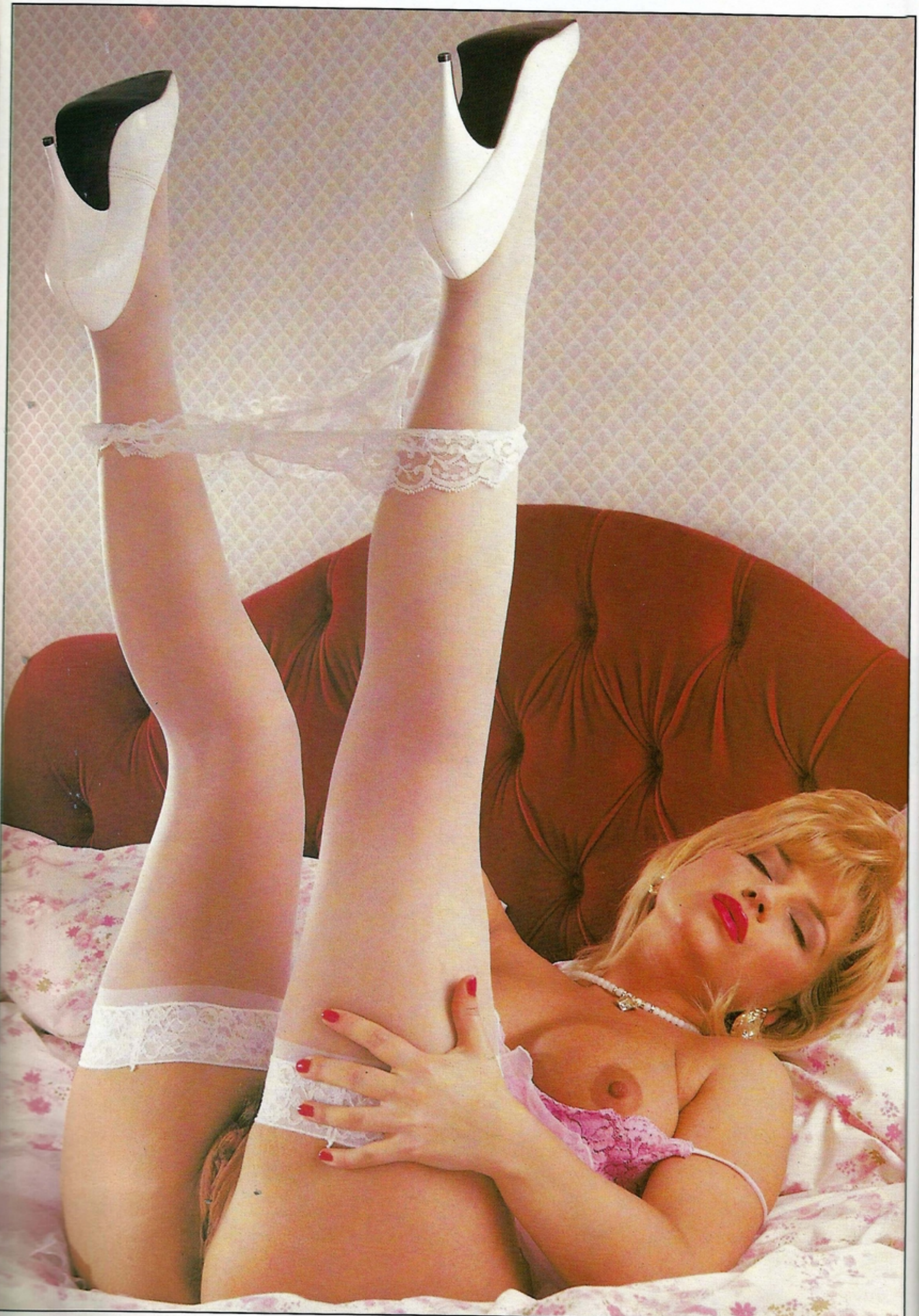
Photographed by ELECTRIC EYE

Our Lynn is a talented lass who likes nothing better than to indulge in a spot of clairvoyance and tarot reading when she's not taking her clothes off to delight the likes of us. Spend an evening with her and we can guarantee a good night would be on the cards. They say there's a dark side to us all, but no prizes for guessing what was going through our snapper's mind when he took these shots.

Rosie

My idea of heaven is coming home from a hard day at work to find Rosie waiting for me at the door, dressed for a spot of serious sin. I don't know if I'd have chosen that nightie, but it's all down to personal taste, really, isn't it? No, I'd like to open the door and find her striking a pose for me at the bottom of the stairs, her cleavage leaping at me through the flimsy fabric of her nightie and her shimmering thighs rubbing together erotically. Then, just as she approached me to give me a big, sloppy kiss, my girlfriend would come rushing round the corner and smack me in the unmentionables...which would be about par for the course, really, the way my luck runs. Still, I can dream, can't I?

Photographed by **SUE DENIM**



◀65

and paid a lot of attention to her hard tits. The sight of these two attractive girls making love was such a treat and I longed to join in but I decided to just watch. Susie was soon opening Jane's legs and tenderly caressed her wet fanny with her fingers and then went down on her. Jane went wild and thrust her pelvis up towards Susie's long tongue which was now working feverishly in my girlfriend's cunt. Jane bucked her way through two massive orgasms before twisting round and locking herself in to a 69 with her lover.

The two girls worked themselves into a frenzied state and were screaming as they took each other to one climax after another. Jane asked if Susie could come home with us as they lay in front of the fire gently stroking each others soaking fannies. I was only too delighted and since then they have become regular lovers and let me join in too. Jane has become much more content because of her female loving and does not want so many other men now which means that I get more fanny than I could wish for now that Susie enjoys a good screw while licking Jane to climax after climax. Jane's dream has come true in every way!

– S.M., Wilts

She Was No Virgin

My wife and I are both in our early 40's and just lately our sex life has begun to flag a little. So, when we recently had a stunning 18 year old girl come to stay with us, it presented a temptation I was unable to resist.

Karen is the step-daughter of my wife's sister Janet. When Janet had to go into hospital for a major operation my wife and I agreed to look after Karen for a few weeks.

I can't lie – Karen is the sexiest girl I have ever seen. She has bleached blonde hair, long slim legs and tits as big, firm and round as grapefruit. When she arrived wearing a spectacular black mini-dress I had to wonder why my wife had offered to take in such a gorgeous young woman obviously old enough to look after herself.

At first it was difficult getter used to having such a sexy, uninhibited young woman in the house. Some mornings I'd literally bump into her on the way to the bathroom, when she'd be wearing just a half-cup bra and a tiny pair of panties.

In the evening she'd often sit on the sofa in that sensational black mini-dress, crossing and uncrossing her fabulous legs so that now and then I'd catch a provocative glimpse of her knickers.

Whether Karen's sexy displays were deliberate or not, they certainly succeeded in making me as horny as hell. But when I asked my wife for some frisky fun she never seemed to be in the mood. One morning I was so frustrated that I had a quick but very satisfying wank into a pair of lacy, pink knickers that Karen had carelessly left on the bathroom floor.

Of course, I told myself that Karen was probably still too young to realise how much she was teasing my prick, and I also had to repeatedly remind myself that I had a sort of duty to look after her. But after two weeks the sexual tension and sheer frustration was almost unbearable.

Then, one afternoon when I finished work very early, the inevitable happened. My wife has a full-time job, so when I got home I expected the house to be empty because Karen should have been at her secretarial college. As I closed the front door behind me I was looking forward to a relaxing drink and maybe even a nice, slow wank about Karen, because my prick was really twitching for her that day.

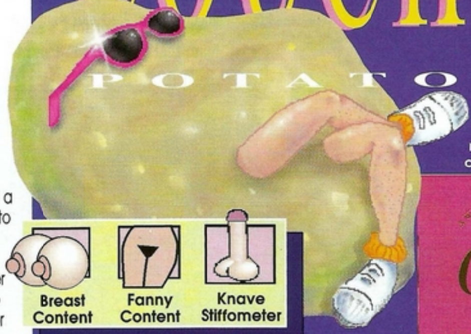
As I stepped into the house I heard strange, sensual sounds coming from the lounge. I walked

▶137

KEITH REYNOLDS

"Oh, look, Mum, Dad's found the lucky five pence piece!"

COUCH POTATO

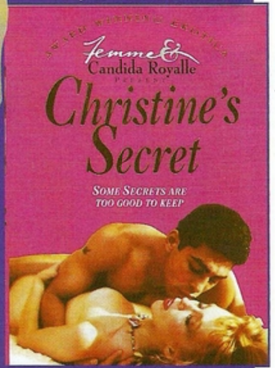


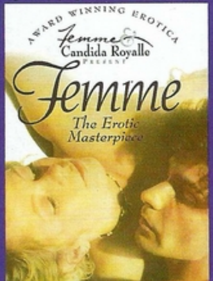
sex-pack from Max, which also includes MALIBU NIGHTS (*with Italian porn star* 7 7 7 *Moana Pozzi, Jeanna Fine and Ashlyn Gere in a gym offering an alternative kind of work-out*), BRANDY & ALEXANDER (*nothing to do* 8 7 8 *with the drink, but everything to do with a wrong phone call that leads to the right connections*), BEAUTY & THE BEAST PART 2 (*with* 7 7 7 *some impressive make-up as sluttish princess Sybil tries to persuade knaves and court jesters to get into the knickers of virginal princess Patience*), ALL THAT SEX (*in which a loopy film* 8 7 8 *director gets to shoot his weirdest fantasies, the rougher the better*), and THE FARM GIRL DOWN UNDER (*which has nothing to do with Emmerdale but everything* 7 6 7 *to do with Sunny McKay, sex in a birdcage, white body stockings, and an orgy at the farmer's party*).

Strewth, it's enough to stretch yer strides!

For ladies, couples, and fellas who prefer their raunch tinged with romance, the scrumptious Candida Royalle has brought out two more of her Femme titles, including FEMME itself, which contains a series of well-oiled cameos. A housewife's favourite TV star comes to life in her bedroom (*don't* 7 6 7 *we wish*), a sultry woman flirts which two guys in an art gallery, an arrogant photographer gets the come-uppance he wasn't expecting, and a rock groupy gets her greedy hands on her idol in a darkened alleyway. The companion tape, CHRISTINE'S SECRET, stars curvy Carol Cross as a sexually frustrated city girl escaping the pressures of the rat race at a country retreat. But not many of them are retreating! After several couples have shown how they get close to nature, Carol's dream boy finally picks the straw out of his teeth and shows her how mares get to be tamed. Eat your heart out, Jilly Cooper!

Less 6 6 6 discerning viewers who like their bimbos blonde and their bonking centred round a swimming pool in the sun will flock to M.I.A.'s WILD CHILD in which 'young Hollywood starlet' (*aren't they all?*) Jennifer Irwin struts her stuff before flinging most of it into the water. Ashlyn Gere (*obviously flavour of the month – pistachio?*) resurfaces as a young lady desperately in need of a finishing school in 8 7 7 BAD, and spends most of her time being finished off by one Dr. Deeeeep (*Joey Silvera*), who's determined to take his time with her therapy.


Femme & Candida Royalle Present
Christine's Secret
Some Secrets Are Too Good To Keep



JOKER

What happened to the last Pope that went to Mount Olive? Popeye almost killed him.

◆

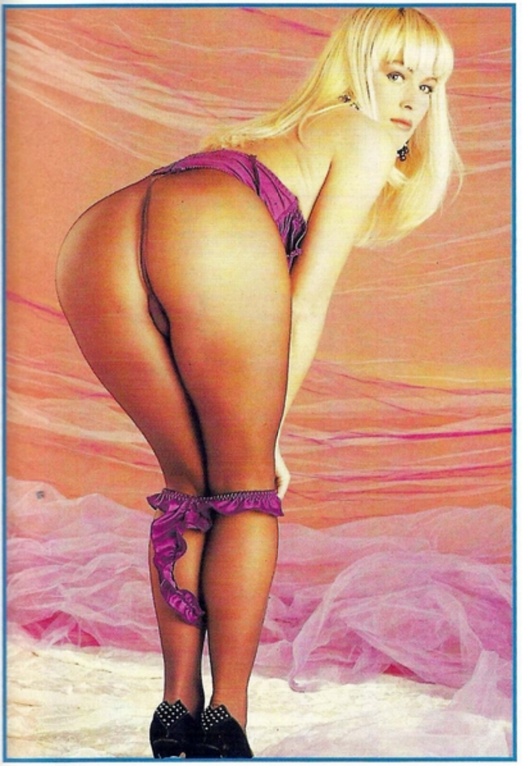
What tastes better than a cold Budweiser? A warm Busch.

◆ ◆

Have you heard about the virginity restoration kit now out? It consists of a needle, a thread and a maraschino cherry.

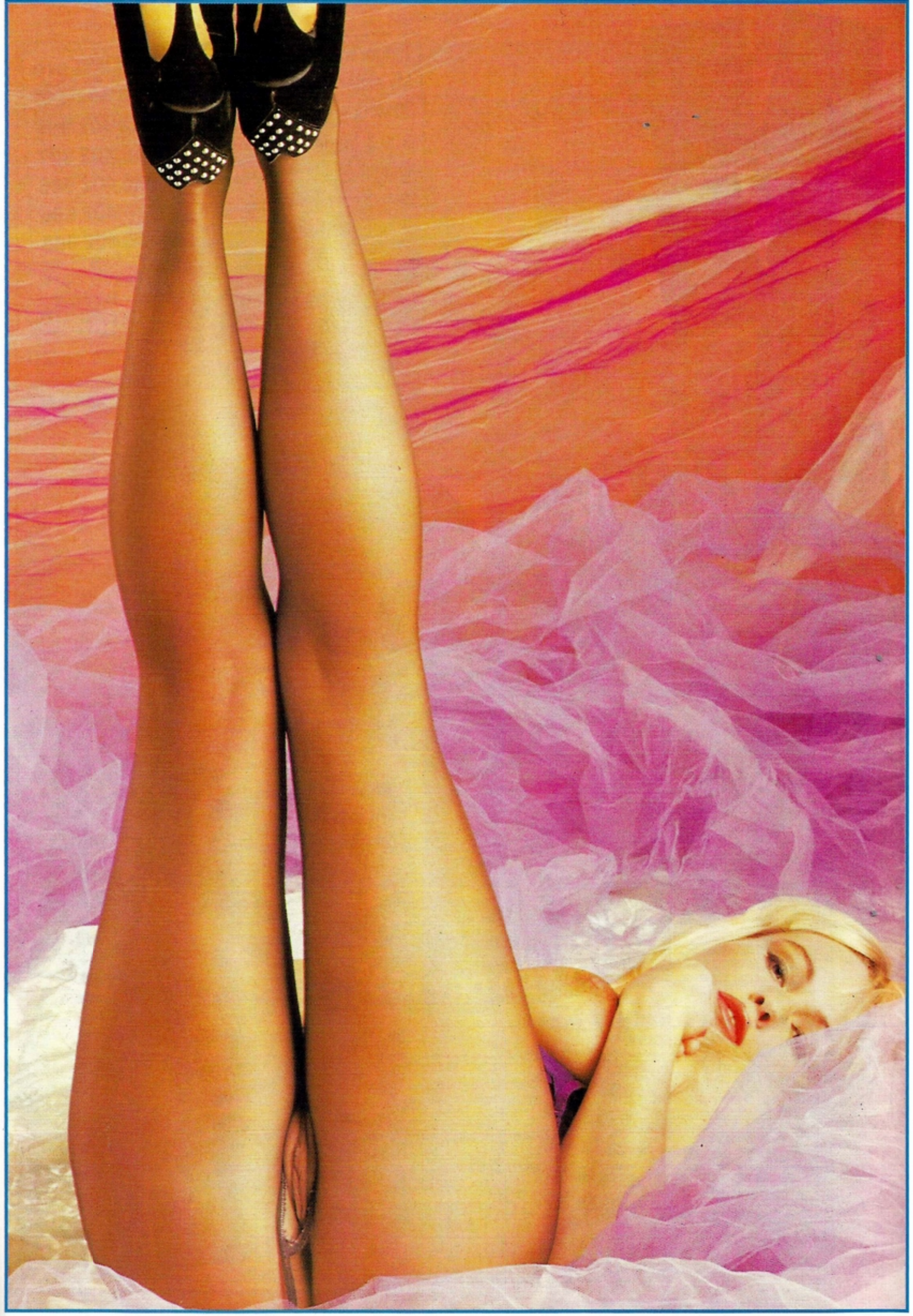
◆

JOKER



Christmas is a time for giving and receiving. Now, while I had a present in mind for Victoria she, like every other model I'd offered it to, refused it point blank. So I had to give it to Austin Legrew instead. Hey, a half-finished can of Golden Eagle Extra Strong Lager might not seem like a big gift to you, but it made Austin's day. He asked me what I'd like in return and, after rejecting a few gifts out of hand because of my professional position here, he finally found one for me. Half an hour later he returned with the gusset of Victoria's tights. What a thoughtful guy - he knew we needed a new tea-strainer for the office.

Photographed by AUSTIN LEGREW



ANNIE

Photographed by PETER FLODQUIST

Annie will kill me for showing you these pictures. No doubt about it. These days, she's a slim sex-bomb with a husky voice and a wicked glint in her eyes. But not so long ago, she was a soft, pouty little thing. She begged me not to use these pictures, you know how vain women are - but I insisted. I happen to know that loads of you are big, big fans of Annie and want to see how she looked then as well as how she looks now. Well here you are. Just don't blame me if Annie never speaks to us again!